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COVER

This month's cover photo, taken by Harpers Ferry Center photographer Ashton Graham, exemplifies some of the vigor and enthusiasm that goes into an HFC production. Although this "Spaniard" is not dressed in the typical clothing of the day, his enthusiasm makes up for the minor details. Other actors in San Juan NHS's soon-to-be released film come closer to the "real thing," as indicated by the photo spread which begins on page 9.



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COLUMBUS' LEGACY

JAN 23 1991



This month we observe Columbus Day, and I thought it a good time to focus attention on some of the many programs and efforts already begun in preparation for the Columbus Quincentennial. As we all learned as children, "In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, Columbus sailed the ocean blue." Thus, 1992 will be the 500th anniversary of Columbus' famous "discovery" voyage in which he and his crew landed on an island they named San Salvador and "discovered the New World." That event marked the beginning of Spanish exploration and colonization which continued well into the 18th century. In those three hundred years, the Spanish colonized or explored from Labrador to the Strait of Magellan on the Atlantic seaboard and from Chile to Alaska on the Pacific coast.

I am pleased to say that the National Park Service will be playing a major role in commemorating the Columbus Quincentennial. With little more than a year to go, much planning has occurred; much work is underway; and, as always, much still remains to be done! But we'll get there, and I'm confident that 1992 will be an interesting, exciting, and successful year in all our parks as we highlight this country's Spanish Colonial heritage.

Many national park system areas have a direct association with the Spanish presence in the "New World." Thirty-eight areas have been identified and designated as Spanish Colonial Heritage sites—these areas extend from Georgia (Fort Frederica, Cumberland Island) and Florida (Jean Lafitte, Gulf Islands) and across the continental United States through the Southwest (Pecos, El Morro, Tumacacori, and San Antonio Missions) to California (Cabrillo, Point Reyes, and Channel Islands). Also included are areas in the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico, both of which were discovered by Columbus during his second voyage in 1493. I was surprised to learn that even parts of Alaska, including Sitka and Wrangell-St. Elias, were "discovered" and "claimed" by Spanish explorers between 1765-1792.

In these areas, and throughout the system, special events and programs will take place in 1992. But this is not just a commemoration or celebration. There is a story to tell that will focus on exploring the cross-cultural encounters and interactions which have characterized the history of the Americas over the last 500 years, and which have greatly influenced the character of our country as we know it today.

This story, though, has many sides in the telling. The role the Spanish played, while a part of our history, is not necessarily a cause for "celebration" for all. For Native Americans, Columbus' "discovery of the new world" might not be considered a particularly happy event, and the Quincentennial will not be a pleasant reminder of the way history has unfolded. Native Americans were already here, and were not well served or well treated in being "discovered" by the Europeans. Others will assert that all the "hoopla" is misplaced because North America already had been "discovered" by the Scandinavians, long before Columbus. Actually, a predominate theme in the Park Service is

the encounter between the many Indian cultures in the Americas and the Europeans.

In interpreting the Columbus Quincentennial and the role the Spanish have played in our history, we have the complex task of recognizing and dealing not only with *their* role, but *all* the dimensions and facets of our history. As always, we will be mindful of the whole story—recognizing all those who have played a part in this country's development and who have produced the truly unique and varied cultures we enjoy today in the United States.

To highlight our Quincentennial parks, the National Tour Association has produced a handsome folder and provided us with copies to be made available to park visitors. We were pleased to be able to work with them on this

project and appreciate their generous contribution. I'm sure it is but one of many cooperative efforts that will ensure the success of events throughout 1992. A few examples of some of the many events and efforts planned for 1992 include: Navajo-language slide programs and exhibits on Navajo/Spanish interaction for use in reservation schools at Canyon de Chelly; a re-creation of a 17th-century feast day at Salinas Pueblo Missions; education programs for Hispanic students at Biscayne; and demonstrations of adobe construction techniques by Mexican artisans at Big Bend.

An invaluable resource for the Service in its preparation for the Columbus Quincentennial has been the Spanish Colonial Research Center. The Center's established collection of maps, architectural plans, and sketches, which has been used in the creation of slide sets and interpretive materials for parks designated as Spanish Colonial Heritage sites, was expanded recently to include 2,500 additional maps, plans and sketches collected earlier this summer. Additionally, the Center has collected 65,000 pages of documents related to North America and specific national parks. These materials, many of which were painstakingly located and copied from extensive archival materials in Spain, are critical to ensuring that we provide the public a thorough and informative interpretive experience.

In the coming months, I'm sure you'll be hearing and learning more about the many efforts we have undertaken to get our sites in good order and the many programs we will be conducting to mark this occasion. In 1992, the National Park Service will have the special, once-in-a-lifetime opportunity with the 500th anniversary of Columbus' arrival in the New World to be a part of an event that will have worldwide dimensions. We will be an important player in bringing a rich and exciting story to both the American people and international visitors. It's a challenging and exciting prospect!

James M. Ridenour

James M. Ridenour

FROM THE EDITOR

Wasn't I surprised!

The responses to the June readership survey were not quite what I had expected. If anything, I suppose I imagined a greater mix of replies—some positive, some negative, but seasoned with thought throughout and fully supportive of the constructive effort that I believe each *Courier* issue represents. Though I may not have articulated it clearly to myself, I must have envisioned those who received the magazine as "gentle readers all," a good Victorian form of address assuming a sympathetic audience.

Obviously, I wasn't fully prepared for the reality, because some respondents may have been gentle but others certainly were not. Out of the 108 voices that I heard from, a fair number appeared to be disgruntled. Now bear in mind that 108 responses out of a print run of 13,000 represents less than a one-percent return. Still those 108 responses do say something. What follows are a few of the trends as I've evaluated them.

First, there were repetitive themes. One of the important ones was the request for recycled paper, and, as I've observed before, that is coming. The January 1991 issue will be printed on recycled paper stock. It simply has taken a bit of time to work out how to accomplish the details of this transition.

Another cause for disgruntlement was the theme issues. People who had no interest in a particular topic saw no reason to read the magazine. I can appreciate such a position, though I also have heard from others who find the theme issues to have useful application both to the work they do every day and to their outreach efforts among constituency groups. Indeed, some have gone so far as to purchase extra copies for distribution. There are few higher compliments.

From this editor's perspective, theme issues also have a very practical application. They make the job a little easier to do. When there is only one person to solicit articles, edit them, format them, and do the photo research, an issue consultant who can suggest possible authors and make initial contacts eases the editor's workload. Such a person also brings in new voices that might not otherwise be heard by the audience the *Courier* serves. And, most importantly, new voices offer new ways of interpreting old problems and approaches. Theme issues also provide an in-depth examination of information not otherwise available

in one place. For these reasons I remain pleased with what they can accomplish.

A corollary of this pronouncement against theme issues—which may represent as much as half but certainly not all of the issues published in any given year—was the general feeling that the magazine was the voice of the Washington office rather than the field. A glance at the author bylines for any issue says something different. Contributors come not only from the Washington office but from regions, parks, universities, and external groups that in one way or another are involved in the work the Park Service is mandated to do.

I did overlook one element of the magazine in developing the survey, however, and that element was The Director's Report. Fortunately readers were not as shortsighted as I. Many wrote to inform me of the interest they took in the director's column each month. I am sure that Director Ridenour will be pleased to know that the column has a regular following vocal enough to point out my oversight.

There were other comments too—on the style of the magazine, on its humanity or lack thereof, on its failure to deal with issues in a controversial way. But for all the strong words that were used, I found them to be only symptomatic of the problem, not the true root. The root reached deeper, reached to the core of some things that we all hope for as employees and that, depending on who we are, we get in different ways. What those 108 voices told me was that some portion of the reading public was expecting something from the *Courier* that they were not getting from the organization—possibly a sense of family support in the face of adversity, recognition that we were all in the same boat and rowing together.

Now that's a tall order for a magazine—to serve as a personal letter to friends when each of us should be picking up the pencil and doing our own writing, keeping those connections strong—but still it is something I will try to do more of in the months to come. I am planning more profiles of park people, more soliciting of park news. However, I hope that those with something to say will not wait for me to call but will take the initiative to communicate with me. Perhaps in this way a greater balance will be obtained between the presentation of issues, which I continue to believe need to be the true concern and passion of all employees, and the human element.

There was one other interesting trend that I might share. At one end of the bell curve, seasonals and younger employees seemed to appreciate the issue-orientation of the publication. At the other end, I heard much the same

thing from most of the NPS alumni who responded. The *Courier* helped to keep these groups informed of topics requiring Service attention. But in the middle of the curve, those who had reached mid to upper level positions and were responsible for a variety of land-management decisions expressed the least desire to read about NPS issues and took the least pleasure in the *Courier* as it now exists. What they wanted more of was knowledge of their colleagues. One remark speaks for itself: "Too much scientific bull and not information all employees are interested in."

The evaluation of a Forest Service employee who responded to the survey is weighted in the other direction. Although expressing embarrassment that the Forest Service publication was not the preferred #1 read, this employee observed, "So many other publications have an amateurish look. The *Courier* is very professional. You guys look like you know where you're going."

Of course, pleasing its audience is how magazines stay in business. Still, the idealist in me would like to think that NPS people who really care about each other find more personal ways than a Servicewide magazine to stay in touch, and that what the magazine most effectively offers is an attitude of caring that, albeit non-specific, projects a sensibility extending to all levels of the agency—to the human, the natural and the cultural resources alike.

For the most part, I imagine, I will continue to trust that those voices that did not respond to the survey are, at least in part, "gentle readers all." And I suspect that for the most part they are, because those generally pleased with something tend not to reply. Nevertheless, I do plan to accommodate the reality expressed by the survey responses a little more in the months ahead.

LEARNING THE NPS A-B-C's

Dixie

Secondbaseman Joe Xavier hit a combined .233/1 HR for the Triple-A Denver Zephyrs (Milwaukee Brewers) and Double-A Greenville (SC) Braves during the 1990 season.

His chances of ever making the major league *show* now seem slim, but he did draw special trivia-addict attention. You see Joe would have been the first player in history with an X surname to make his way onto the



Baseball Encyclopedia roster. All it would have taken was one meaningless, end-of-the-season At Bat, but the parent Atlanta Braves never brought Joe up. Boooo! No sense of theater.

Such alphabet games are always interesting, and so your *Jeopardy* answer for today is "Q, U, F, X and J." Take 20 seconds, then read on. The correct question is: Which of our 26 letters have no national park system representative of the 50 biggies? Poor X. It always gets shortchanged in these matters.

F is verrry close to not being on the list. If Kenai Fjords were changed to the more classical Fjords of Kenai we'd be down to only four outsiders. But we've got plenty of forts and forests—not to slight Fire Island, Fossil Butte and some others. Our Canadian friends have tide king Fundy and the cliffs of the Gaspé Peninsula's Forillon, each a national park. So shed no tears for F.

J comes nearly as close. Joshua Tree NMonument is larger than many national parks, and there is the great Jasper NP in the Canadian Rockies. The tenth letter also can boast Jewel Cave, Johnstown Flood and a host of John lived-in places.

U is not as cosmopolitan. Aside from the Upper Delaware River there isn't much to latch on to. Ute must go to the National Forests to find Uncompahgre, Uwharrie, Umatilla and Umpqua.

Q has some place names within parks, like Olympic's Quinault Lake or Sequoia's Quinn Peak. But in reference to our parks, maybe we should just settle for it standing for "quintessential quiet" and "quality."

X of course, gets zip. I haven't had the research dexterity to go through each park's

grid-map. If you know of a canyon or stream or mountain with a name beginning with X, write me at the North Atlantic Region and we'll make a Top Ten List by place size.

Gee Whiz

Those were the unfortunate *have-nots*. On the other side, since all of our parks are great, grand and some even glaciated, more than a few are named that way. The *have* letters are led by G (8), with C coming in second (5).

I think the oddest coincidence in this alphabet soup is the fact that the three Washington State parks are alphabetically consecutive: Mount Rainier (1899), North Cascades (1968) and Olympic (1938). Utah, meanwhile, spans our 26 little wordmakers with Arches, Bryce, Canyonlands, Capitol Reef and our much needed Z, Zion.

Enough. Consider yourself primed for the latest pipedream for a commercially sponsored piece of merchandise—the official National Park Service 75th Anniversary A-B-C Reader and Coloring Book. (Do I have to keep coming up with all the most sensible ideas for this gig?) Think of how many birds' nests we could feather with this item. Everyone's complaining about kids' reading habits and lack of geographical knowledge. Since this is the Environmental Decade, what better product to peddle? An educational *trifecta*—then they get to color in those red rocks, green trees and blue lakes. Color this potentially profitable, and a terrific way to introduce NPS concepts to a new generation.

Because of the three-month Franklin Lane biography I was unable to place in nomination for Letter-of-the-Year one that we received in

February. Actually it wasn't the written note but the stamps that make this a winner. A simple request for information by a West Hempstead, NY, couple was sent with postage that included Migratory Bird Treaty (5 cents, 1966), National Park Service (5 cents, 1966) and Everglades National Park (3 cents, 1947), plus a regular 2-center. Such a classic naturally received special attention.

Contestants for the Prose-of-the-Year will be hard pressed to top what was penned by an 11-year-old Texan in an August letter to us: "As a young female I often get the urge to travel..." Watch out for her in 10 years!

Who Needs Enemies?

Sometimes it only takes a few minutes to realize what a disastrous day you are going to have. Such was the case on Monday, July 16, when by 9:05 a.m. it was clear what was "going down" and how it would take this office with it.

In the Boston *Globe* that morning was the daily "Ask the Globe" informational column. Though the reader's question in point had nothing whatever to do with us, the column writer shoved our name into the answer as an afterthought, accompanied with not half-baked, but completely baked info and an incorrect phone number. No one from the *Globe* called us to verify anything.

Before the day ended we had taken 122 phone calls on the same subject—what is and how does one get a Golden Age Pass? By 4 p.m. I could hardly mouth the words to explain the process. We did complain to the *Globe* and yakked at length with them about the CORRECTION they would print the next day. The only person who had a worse eight hours was the poor lady at a law office whose phone number the *Globe* printed as ours.

Tuesday's 100-word correction helped cut the number of calls in half each day as the week progressed, but many people only saw Monday's item. Because of inaccurate second and third-hand hearsay, the calls keep coming in.

This episode proved one thing to my cynical satisfaction. Previously most of these folks had little or no contact with national parks and no idea of what to do with the pass. They knew it was *free* and from the *government* and, by golly, they were entitled to one. When requesters, eligible for the Golden Age Pass for many years, call up without any understanding of it, you know they've never been to nor will they probably *ever* go to a national park.

But hey, they'll have a pass!

ANNOUNCEMENTS

NOTE TO READERS: The editor of the *Courier* and the Office of Public Affairs regret the publication delay and all other problems associated with the production of the September and October issues of the newsmagazine. Our printing contractor has declared bankruptcy, disrupting our printing schedule. We hope to resume our regular schedule soon.

The George Wright Society and the National Park Service are sponsoring the *Sixth Conference on Research and Resource Management in the National Parks and Equivalent Reserves*, to be held November 12-17 in El Paso, TX. The conference will include a Directors' Panel on managing threats; sessions on global impacts, using GIS in parks, reconciling preservation and human activity, and other topics. Field trips and walking tours of area parks are planned. For more information contact The George Wright Society, P.O. Box 65, Hancock, MI 49930 or call 906/487-9722.

OOPS!



Mid-Atlantic Regional Director Jim Coleman's name was omitted from the interview of him in the August *Courier* on related lands. Jim's contributions to addressing related lands issues are significant. He has made developing related lands strategies one of his top priorities, committing staffing and funding to all of the Mid-Atlantic Region's efforts. Jim deserves the Service's recognition for his leadership in this area.



In another unfortunate oversight, the photo of Voyageurs NP contractor Leon Watrous dropped out of the July *Courier*. That photo is above, picturing (l to r) Asst. Superintendent Dick Frost, Construction Foreman Steve Maass, Roads & Trails Foreman Leigh Evans, Administrative Officer Dottie Anderson, and Superintendent Ben Clary as Leon admires his cake.

LETTER

We would like to share our love and aloha to all of you in behalf of our son, Samuel III. It was exactly a year ago on July 23, 1989, that Sam III was diagnosed with T-cell lymphoblastic lymphoma. This is a type of cancer that affects the immune system and, if left untreated, goes into the central nervous system, affecting the brain and spine. Sam's tumor was located in his chest cavity, covering at least 3/4 of the area, and later pushed up to the right side of his neck, causing a lump the size of a softball. A biopsy was done at Kapiolani Medical Center on Oahu that proved the tumor to be cancerous. Our doctor told us the cancer was curable but Sam III would need aggressive radiation and chemotherapy. Treatment began five hours after surgery in the pediatric intensive care unit. Dr. Wilkinson gave Sam his first chemotherapy. Two hours after getting his chemotherapy, Sam was transported by ambulance to Queen's Medical Center for radiation. Radiation treatment was for five days.

Sam is done with radiation, but still needs chemotherapy. According to Dr. Wilkinson,



Sam's protocol (roadmap) will take at least two years. After his two years, Sam will have periodic check-ups, and after five years of no relapse, he is cured.

One year has gone by. Sam is still in remission as of October 1989. He is doing really well. Part of Sam's remarkable recovery is due to friends like you. Because of your generosity we have come far in our efforts to have a healthy son again. We would like to thank all of you from the bottom of our hearts. God bless you all. Mahalo Nui Loa.

Samuel K. Kahookaulana and Family
Hawaii Volcanoes NP

THE IMAGES STILL WORK 500 YEARS LATER



Harpers Ferry Center Curator Bill Brown gazed out of his Norfolk hotel window, positioning his binoculars on the harbor. He found the horizon line obscured by the enormous aircraft carriers typical of modern ports near military bases. Brown was waiting for HFC film director Brian Jones, due in that evening with one of three Colonial-style sailing vessels about to be transformed into Spanish ships from the Age of Exploration. In what might have been a scene from one of the old *Twilight Zone* scripts, Roanoke's Elizabeth II chose that moment to sail into view from behind the broad expanse of a carrier. "It looked like a rowboat out there," Brown laughs, recollecting a moment that may well be the quintessential symbol of how far we have come since Europeans first advanced on the New World.

Jones and Brown speak more about images than they do about symbols. "I don't know anybody that's created these images any better. We went to a lot of effort but, quite honestly, we got a lot of image for our money," Brown observes in retrospect, studying video footage of the Norfolk shoot in one of the darkened editing rooms at Harpers Ferry Center. Weeks after that first shoot, Jones has selected images from miles of footage and set them to music from the HFC music library. The video is intended to speak well of the filming and to whet the appetites of prospective contributors to a San Juan project that, when

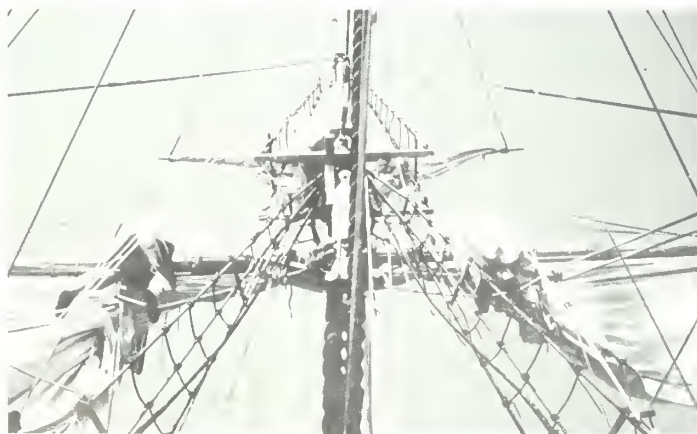


completed next year, also will serve the interpretive needs of other park areas commemorating the Columbus Quincentennial.

The footage does indeed speak well of the work that has been done to date. It depicts small vessels on vast seas and men armed physically, emotionally and spiritually against the unknown. Sails marked with the telltale cruciform lines typical of the Spanish empire unfurl against skies that are overcast as well as skies whose robin's blue testifies to fine weather. The robes of a Dominican catch the wind as holy water beads out across voyagers gathered in the ship's hold. The inscrutable face of a black sailor says as much or more about the subtleties and complexities of these travels of discovery as do the crossbows in the hands of the first Spaniards filmed touching shore.

Images, every one of them, as the filmmakers would define images, and yet they are symbols too—shortcuts that attempt to teach us what it might have felt like to step inside the armor of a Spaniard and gaze out at our old world when it was new. Creating these images that have the potential to become symbols—to stand in memory for larger experiences—is the art of the film-

maker, which, as Brian Jones explains, is determined, certainly in the Park Service, by the kind of project under development and the park it is being developed for. A film like the one he also is directing for Canyon de Chelly calls for a small, tight story confined to the natural boundaries created for the early Navajo by the canyon walls. The Quincentennial project, on the other hand, emphasizes the vastness and the longevity of the Spanish empire. It will trace the 300-year history of the largest empire ever to exist, one that, as Jones points out, was larger even than the empire established by Rome. What Jones and Brown hope to depict is a generic (read *symbolic*) experience for viewers. Depending on the budget, Jones hopes to show the conquistadors in the various New World settings they first explored—in desert, prairie, swamp and rainforest environments.



"The film should give viewers a sense of the progression of the Spanish empire," he observes. "The story begins with the creation of the atmosphere for expansion in Spain and continues on till the end of the empire—basically the first half of the 19th century when the countries in South America split off and became independent countries. We'll have an ending that talks about the continuing presence of the Hispanic culture and language, but we won't tell the whole story of these revolutions."

The Quincentennial project was fueled by the need at San Juan for a film that explained the existence of the forts. According to Jones, "One of the things we decided in looking at the interpretive plan was that to understand the forts in Puerto Rico you have to have a broader picture of the Spanish Empire. To just look at the forts themselves, which is what the existing film does, fails to explain why these huge structures were built on such little islands. We needed a film that would show the broader aspects of the expansion."

The concept fit in with the interpretive prospectus as well as emerging plans for the Service's Quincentennial celebration. Add in the fact that approximately 35 parks have clearly defined Spanish themes and others have visitors asking questions about the Spanish presence in the New World, and the timing seemed right for this latest Harpers Ferry project. The importance of the Spanish influence and HFC's effort to call it to the attention of park audiences was further underlined by an interesting comparison Bill Brown uncovered while researching the film. According to Brown, prior to 1490, all the known gold in the known world could have been melted down to form a gold block six feet square; by 1550, Spain alone could have made a gold block nine feet square. For Brown, this said something



significant about the Spanish empire.

Perhaps it is only another symbol—the Spanish search for gold that gave us Ponce de Leon, Diego de Vargas, De Soto, Cortez and the other conquistadors that may represent at some deep level the frustrations of our own unfilled desires—but it is certainly an important element of the Age of Exploration. And although Brian Jones indicates that the film will attempt to help visitors perceive history in the light of this and other Quincentennial-related concepts, he insists that how they integrate them into their perceptions of today's environment is not what the film is after. "Part of the visitors' view, of course, is developed from

the way the park uses the film. I think that, like most things, the film is a tool, that it shouldn't just stand on its own, that a park should use it and integrate it into what staff are talking about or what's happening at the park."

Another part of the Quincentennial story is the Native American contribution. That too, Jones observes, is important to the story: "I'd like to say it's a commemoration rather than a celebration, because they have a good point that it wasn't so exciting for them...I don't think we're going to whitewash it either way. My idea is just to tell the story as clearly as we can, to set it in context so that viewers understand this was simply the attitude of the time."

About that attitude, Brown suggests, "You figure the Church gave these men absolution for any sin they might commit. In that kind of framework, it's probably a very settling thing on one's mind. Literally you can do anything and you're covered."

Not so filmmakers. Says Jones, "Basically what we're trying to do is give a quick overview of the Spanish empire and not try to argue the morality of the Indians versus the Spaniards."

The first shoot of the Quincentennial project was completed in three days this summer. Sites in the Norfolk area helped create a generic vision of Spanish sailing vessels and the typical configuration of a Spanish landing. Another shoot tentatively scheduled for the beginning of December will recreate aspects of the Spanish experience in the Florida swamplands and the Puerto Rican rainforest. Brian Jones summarized some ideas under consideration: "We're going to shoot in Ponce de Leon's house, then record some rainforest scenes. We'll also shoot some footage of the forts. We've been talking about how to present the Catholic Church, which is a touchy subject but obviously one we're going to have to deal with. So we'll probably shoot in a cathedral also. We'll stop in St. Augustine after that. There's a fellow there who says he has 300 guys he can bring



out. We can sure use those kinds of numbers."

"Those kinds of numbers" are the stock-and-trade of films with larger budgets than Jones has to work with, but getting around such needs without diminishing the capability to create memorable images is the real challenge of filmmaking. It's what sweetens every retelling of how certain scenes were achieved. Jones somewhat wistfully recalls his desire to use a special lens that would have softened the film, giving it the look a viewer might expect from a Ridley Scott film. "We found out that the lens was huge, as huge as the camera, and wasn't practical for what we wanted to do. It also would have cost a thousand dollars a day to use."

"The real problem," jokes Brown, "is they spent \$64 million on *Batman*. With that kind of money we could have done a really good job on this project."

"At least we'd like to try," Jones agrees. A bigger budget would have allowed him to achieve more of the look he'd envisioned. "I'd like to have been able to have had more days so that I could have waited and said 'well, today there's just not enough wind'...But we just had three days and that was all we could afford. We also could have liked to paint the ships the way we wanted. The paint scheme is essentially English. If we'd had the money we could have had them painted with more traditionally Spanish colors."

Nevertheless, the serendipity that allows filmmakers to come up with creative ways to achieve the image they desire operated time after time during this shoot as it has on so many others. To put crosses on the sails, an element critical to the Spanish conversion of the English-style vessels they had to work with, would have cost far more money than they could have budgeted. Bill Brown explained how they achieved the look they wanted: "Brian had gathered graphics of Spanish ships. They had flags and pennants all over them. We wanted to do that, plus we wanted to put up the Castilian flags. But the main thing was to get those crosses on the sails and we obviously couldn't afford to buy sails for three ships. We were lucky. We had this fellow who was a really good set designer. He came up with the idea of using tape—actually it's like gaffer's tape—on the sails."

The authentic appearance of the actors came from a combination of factors. Brian Jones and Bill Brown went to various reenactment activities where they videotaped people they thought would look at home in the garb of militia men. Using individuals already familiar with the correct way to hold a sword or a firearm cut down on the training required before Jones felt they looked convincing. Nevertheless, Brown recalls a few ups and downs to this process.

"We went down to Norfolk to get Spanish-speaking actors and this one guy walked in, a real intense looking person, obviously quite fit. Turns out he did something in Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. Well, he had these intense eyes and Brian said 'I can really see him in one of those helmets.' So we put him in a three-quarter suit of armor, and he was the one who got exhausted. One of the other actors was wearing essentially the same thing and he didn't have any problems."

Brown attributes the visual impact of the film to the fact that "the people playing sailors are sailors and the priest is a priest...Everyone was doing what they do well and they all felt

comfortable." The Dominican priest actually got so caught up in the enthusiasm for authenticity that he shaved the hair at the back of his head, in keeping with the order of the time. Some of the costumes used in the film already belonged to the actors. They were simply augmented by objects that enhanced the period-look Jones was after. Others were ordered from London.

Much of the armor used on the sets was the work of Luther Sowers whose North Carolina workshop already had produced three suits of armor owned by the Park Service and used at sites like Fort Raleigh NHS. Sowers also loaned armor to the Service for use in the film. So Jones was able to put real armor on his actors. This made a difference, as Brown explained, because the fiberglass versions available in England had a different look on the screen. "There's a quality about real armor, the way the light bounces off it, that's incredibly distinctive."

And what account of imagemaking on the open seas would be complete without a story about a knarled, gritty sea captain? Jones and Brown had such a tale to share from their recollections of the Norfolk shoot. Their sea captain was a tugboat operator who had maneuvered the ships, *Elizabeth*, *Godspeed*, and *Dove*, in the past and whom all the other sea captains knew. Brown described the man as someone who looked like he'd been cast by Hollywood. Jones remembered his earring: "It was the quick-release kind, made from his wedding ring. When he got a divorce he had it made into a quick release earring."

In appearance and ability, the man was, without a doubt, the best candidate for the job. Jones recollected, "These boats are delicate. You can't push them around. Just a couple of weeks before we got *Elizabeth*, they had been moved around by another tug that cracked one of their ribs; so that's why we got this guy."

And what about those thrill-seekers' shots, the difficult-to-get, yet exquisite camera angles that are the signature of films to which viewers return again and again? There were certainly some of those, filmed by Tom Gray and Steve Ruth, the two cameramen for the project. One memorable sequence of unfurling sails, obviously photographed from a position high up in rigging, brings to mind the inevitable question: Did the director climb up first to determine the precise angle he wanted for the shot?

"Well, you see, I have this bad shoulder..."

Brian Jones grins. Then it's off onto another story about the quirks of circumstance that make a film what it is—about how an image comes to be projected a certain way. But by now his listeners know that images are simply a filmmaker's way of creating symbols, and that, ultimately, it is through these symbols that he helps his audiences come to terms with what is known about our world.



WHY TAKE A TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL – WON'T ANAHEIM DO?

PERCEPTION AND MANIPULATION OF THE HISTORIC PAST.

In a recent movie, *The Trip to Bountiful*, an old woman, Mrs. Carrie Watts, is determined to visit the place where she grew up near Bountiful, Texas. Her indifferent son and daughter-in-law repeatedly prevent her going there, claiming that she is not well enough to make the trip. But Mrs. Watts finally escapes on a bus. Then, through the kindness of the local sheriff, she is driven to her old home, a now-abandoned farmstead. To Mrs. Watts, the visit is deeply rewarding. She sees for one last time the place where she lived.

Now suppose the sheriff had not taken her there, but rather had said, "Sorry, Mrs. Watts, I'm going in the opposite direction. I'll be glad to take you to this other farm about ten miles away. It looks a lot like the one where you grew up, and I think you'll like it just as well. Why, the house has even been refurnished with period pieces, and there are costumed interpreters to tell you what it was like in olden days. That should do it, shouldn't it?"

The Trip to Bountiful deals with the profound meaning a place can have for an individual. If Mrs. Watts had been taken to another farm, she certainly would have been disappointed. She had intense personal associations with her home place, and nowhere else would satisfy her.

Many individuals have strong attachments to special places connected with their personal past. We each have our own Bountifuls. Ordinarily such places do not qualify as historic. Because they are tied to personal memories they are likely to be relegated to the category of family history. Other places, however, have significance for more than one person or family. Over time they attain value for many people and become historic, widely recognized as a meaningful part of the past.

Part of the process of history is the constant necessity to look back at what has happened. Such remembrance may also focus on a particular place. *The Trip to Bountiful* explored Mrs. Watts' compulsion to look back at her childhood and visit a cherished site in her personal history. On a broader human scale, for some events the looking back may occur repeatedly and assume a significance of its own. Recalling the Battle of the Little Bighorn, for example, has become unusually meaningful, with ongoing commemoration and preservation at Custer Battlefield, and a lasting, widespread public interest in that historic episode. The focus of this looking back is the site, the battlefield itself, a Bountiful for Custer buffs worldwide.

Although a historic event itself is of primary importance, the place where it happened assumes significance through



"*The Trip to Bountiful*," a film about the importance of place, depicts an old woman determined to visit the farm where she grew up.

association, by having been the stage on which history occurred. People involved in a historic event move on, but the site remains, its importance elevated above the ordinary. Around it develops a commemorative history, usually set apart from the main flow of daily life.

THE CADENCE OF HISTORY. In looking back, it appears that each locality develops a body of history at its own cadence, slowly or rapidly, until we perceive sites as "historic." To begin with, most areas have experienced a span of prehistory, which we ordinarily see as having proceeded in slow, rhythmic patterns that included subsistence activities, trade, migration, and architecture and art. This modern perception results from having only limited access to the specifics of life in prehistoric societies.

With the beginning of the historic era, however, the cadence of history appears to accelerate as the written word fills periods of time with detail and nuance, highlighting even individual people and events. But the cadence is varied and erratic. Most localities develop gradually, as farms, communities and cities evolve through the yearly minutiae of events toward contemporary times—all told, an often thin wash of history. This steady pace suddenly changes when the rush of significant events fills a time and place with history of greater scope and magnitude than that of ordinary life. Vivid details, amassed and concentrated, seem to accelerate the cadence of history, intensifying and crowding an era with historic action and fact.

In the United States, perhaps the most widespread phenomenon to accelerate the cadence of history was the frontier movement. Explorers and pioneers arrived with a burst of significant activity. This first contact was a major threshold, a time crowded with events deemed to be of historical importance. Those who led the way—exploring, settling, and establishing communities—became heroes of a mythic, golden era, their stories told and retold and their deeds celebrated. But as the excitement of the threshold era subsided, those who followed could not compete with the conquering pioneers for a place in history.



The deification of a martyred president: at the site where Abraham Lincoln was born, in Kentucky, the birthplace cabin is enshrined in a granite and marble temple—but the cabin is of doubtful authenticity.



The American Revolution touched areas in a similar way, as did the Civil War. Localities such as Lexington and Yorktown, and later Vicksburg and Gettysburg—long steeped in a steady, conventional history—suddenly experienced violent and disruptive warfare of far-reaching consequence. At these places the cadence of history intensified dramatically, awash in military incident. Details of these battles have been microscopically studied, reverently recounted, and even reenacted.

For many localities the frontier era, the Revolution, the Civil War, or perhaps some combination of these, still form the principal anchor to the past, the keystone to a community's identity. The different communities returned to their own steady pace of history, but the remembrance of the outstanding historic events has remained strong, and the places associated with them stand apart.

In most places a pattern of history and associated sites emerges that reflects a gradual, generally uneventful past, punctuated with a few prominent events. Folklorists and anthropologists are not likely to be so interested in the conspicuous seams of this historic cloth. Such scholars, along with historians of everyday life, would probably find the seams interesting, but they would more closely examine the cloth's weaving and its overall pattern. Of more popular interest, however, are the seams—the salient aspects of history.

PERCEPTION AND TREATMENT OF HISTORIC SITES.

Whether slowly or suddenly, a historic site emerges from the commonplace, assuming values beyond mere landscape or real estate. A transition occurs. Historical qualities are perceived, causing changes in attitudes toward a site.

Our perception of history, however, is like the view through a broken camera lens: images of the past are blurred, and never can be brought perfectly into focus. Moreover, one group after another abandons objectivity. Whether we think of a site as merely historic or as hallowed ground, our perception is likely to be influenced by factors such as ethnocentricity, nationalism, localism, or filiopietism. Hallowedness is, in fact, in the eye of the beholder, and perceptions of historical significance or hallowedness are often very personal, such as feelings about a family gravesite, or, for Mrs. Watts, memories of the farm near Bountiful.

Also, our attitudes toward sites change over time. Abraham Lincoln's birthplace, near Hodgenville, Kentucky, consists of a small log cabin enclosed by a granite and marble, Greek-style

temple built in the early twentieth century. Supposedly, parts of the cabin are authentic survivors from the time of Lincoln's birth, although this is in serious doubt. Patriotic Americans who believed the site was sacred erected this temple to Father Abraham, the revered emancipator. Today, however, this site's hallowedness is limited, if indeed it exists at all. The temple and cabin have become more a curiosity than a shrine because our attitudes are different. Today's generation likely would not construct anything so explicit as a temple at the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, because to us, he is no longer Father Abraham.

The history of the Texas School Book Depository Building, used by Lee Harvey Oswald during the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, also reflects how our shifting perceptions can affect a site's ongoing history. After the assassination, serious proposals were made to demolish the Depository Building to remove its objectionable and tragically symbolic presence. The building remained standing, although various groups opposed its nomination to the National Register of Historic Places. Eventually the structure was entered on the National Register, but only as part of a large historic warehouse district representing local business and economic history. The National Register nomination mentions Kennedy's assassination only incidentally. Now, long after the president's murder, the depository houses part of the Dallas County court system, an adaptive use that has enabled the building to be preserved. Furthermore, a local historical foundation has opened an exhibit on the sixth floor, where the fatal shots were fired.

With the assassination, the Texas School Book Depository Building emerged instantaneously as the principal feature in the historic landscape of Dallas. The building survived to be accepted as worthy of preservation and interpretation to the public. The focus of the exhibit is clearly on the assassination, while the historic warehouse district is a negligible aside. Changing perceptions have affected the depository building's treatment and thus its ongoing history.

When our perception of historical significance starts to influence our treatment of a site, historic preservation begins. The rules change: the past becomes the primary point of reference. An earlier time and an earlier use or activity assume importance in determining present-day treatment of a place. Those in charge merely may think twice before bulldozing a site. Or, past events may be perceived as so deeply meaningful that the places where they occurred cannot be ignored. People may invoke elaborate commemorative rituals, including acts of preservation and interpretation, to confirm the importance of a moment in the past and to perpetuate its memory. In effect, they may look back at Bountiful, and return again and again to seek satisfaction and understanding.

MANIPULATION OF HISTORIC SITES: THE ROAD TO ANAHEIM. As perceptions of history change, so do the places where history occurred. They undergo physical changes throughout their existence. Preservation does not halt this change. Rather it directs the change toward a special purpose—maintaining or recapturing a particular historic appearance. However, succeeding generations may manage a site with different "historic" appearances in mind—sometimes based solely upon whim or personal taste, or perhaps to make it look "nicer." If so, a



The Texas School Book Depository Building in Dallas, TX, on the afternoon of November 22, 1963, shortly after the assassination of President John F. Kennedy: an ordinary urban setting suddenly becomes infamous—then is perceived as historic.

historic site's appearance may fluctuate dramatically over time.

In an effort to give a site a public face reflecting a desired image of the past, we sometimes manipulate a site extensively rather than strictly preserving the historic remnants and allowing them to speak for themselves. A historic place may become completely contrived, even to the point of having all historic material removed, including that beneath the ground, in order to place a replica where the original once stood.

At Bent's Old Fort, a frontier post in southeastern Colorado, the original foundations, which were the only structural remnants from the historic era, were dug up and replaced by a new "historic" fort completed in 1976 at a cost of several million dollars. The modern building is furnished with period pieces and reproductions, and costumed interpreters explain to visitors what the fort supposedly was like when the Bents were there. The total reconstruction of Bent's Old Fort is a form of historical *representation*, not preservation. Only the terrain itself, upon which rests a make-believe historic structure, has genuine ties to the historic past—a kind of latitudinal and longitudinal matter, the place where it happened. The fort, to some degree, may reflect the past, but it is not *of* the past.

As a rule, the greater the intervention at historic places, the greater the manipulation. And the greater the manipulation, the greater the contrivance. As we stray from strict preservation, we come nearer to pure entertainment, and, ultimately, to the land of the imaginary: we take the bus to Anaheim, and not to Bountiful.

ANAHEIM: SIC TRANSIT GLORIA. Because *preservation* can involve anything from daily maintenance to extensive manipulation and contrivance, why is preserving original historic material important? Why not rebuild vanished historic forts and imply they are no different from the originals? Does it make any difference? Why not go with the sheriff to the *other* farm near Bountiful, and take little Smedley and his friends to watch candlemaking and feed tame deer?

If historic preservation, as it differs from mere representation, is a valid pursuit, then the original historic material does matter because it has acquired genuine historical values, irreplaceable qualities that cannot be legitimately transferred.

Consider this at a personal level with, for example, pieces of furniture and the meanings they hold for individuals. A cabinet-maker might build a dining table for you in period style. The table might look as if it had been built in the 1890s and kept in good condition, but in fact the table is new. It is not a true survivor from the nineteenth century.

On the other hand, you might purchase an antique dining table. This table is a product of the artisan who built it and generations who used and cared for it. However, this antique is a survivor of an anonymous past. You do not know who owned it over time. The table conveys a true feeling of the past, but it is mute as to specific associations.

Finally, you might have inherited your great-grandparents' dining table. They had it made when they married in the 1890s and kept it all of their lives. Each succeeding generation has owned it, used it, cared for it, and passed it on to the next generation. You knew this piece as a child when you were growing up. First it belonged to your grandparents, then to your parents, and now to you. This table does not have an anonymous past; rather it is part of your own past. The table's associations are specific and meaningful, and, in this regard, it is irreplaceable. If it were somehow destroyed, an artisan could make an exact replica, or perhaps you could find a similar piece from the 1890s. But something would be missing. No other table would convey the same deep values; no other would possess the *final qualification* of being the original piece.

This example using personal values also has validity for objects of national value. The original Rising Sun chair, used in 1787 by George Washington during the Constitutional Convention in Independence Hall, is on exhibit in the Assembly Room where the Constitution was written. The chair is the only piece of furniture unquestionably documented to have been in Independence Hall at the time of the convention.

Visitors to the Assembly Room are told the chair is original and that it was used by Washington. The Rising Sun chair then takes on extraordinary qualities that the period pieces and reproductions in that room do not, and cannot legitimately possess. The chair is perceived, valued, cared for and presented in a very special way. It is different—it was there.

Ultimately, though, preservation is a losing battle, because with time everything decays. A scientist once remarked that, in spite of all we do, historic things do not last forever, so why worry with them. In response though, neither will the Yosemite Valley last forever, so it's all a question of perspective. Besides, historic preservation is like the work of morticians: preserving the body only for the duration, until it no longer matters. But for the time being, it does matter.



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RANGERS BRING HISTORY TO LIFE AT INDEPENDENCE NHP



URBAN RANGERS OF INDEPENDENCE NHP

Bill Kashatus, portraying a colonial, yells his support from the crowd gathered during the 214th commemorative reading of the Declaration of Independence on the square behind Independence Hall (AP laser photo.) Maria Schaller (top photo) and Mark Newton (middle) speak with visitors in Congress Hall, Independence NHP. Jeannie Andress greets visitors beginning their tour of Independence Hall. Left, Bob Hansen and Joy Pietschmann give a talk at the Liberty Bell.



During the summer of 1776 John Adams reminded the Second Continental Congress that, *There are only two creatures of value on the face of the earth: those with commitment and those who require the commitment of others.* More than two hundred years later his words still echo in the chamber where a Declaration of independence from Great Britain was adopted. They are recalled, daily, by a group of people who hold a passionate commitment to the interpretation and preservation of the sites where our nation's history began, the rangers of Independence NHP.

Since 1951, the National Park Service has maintained and staffed the red-brick buildings, cobbled pathways and well tended gardens covering more than eight Philadelphia blocks. Currently 68 rangers, all from a variety of backgrounds, serve as interpreters. Under the supervision of Kathleen Dilonardo, chief of interpretation and visitor services, they are part of a much larger staff of 175 NPS employees that include administrators, protection officers and maintenance.

Not all of the interpreters are permanently employed by the Park Service either. In fact, half of them are seasonals—some of them school teachers, college and graduate students. Regardless of their backgrounds, they share the common goal of making history come to life for the thousands who visit the park each year.

The responsibility of an urban park ranger is a challenging one. The ranger is charged with preserving the historical integrity and safety of sites within the jurisdiction of the park—no easy task when you consider that a single ranger comes into contact with hundreds of visitors daily and that those crowds can become awfully demanding, particularly in the 90-degree heat of a Philadelphia summer. The ranger also must learn to separate myth from truth when it pertains to our nation's early history, and to do so without offending visitors. If you can handle the challenge, the experience at Independence can be tremendously rewarding. After all, few people will ever have the opportunity to capture a moment in history and bring it to life for visitors who travel from all parts of this country; or have the satisfaction of knowing that their efforts can make a difference in the way a foreign visitor perceives the United States. In these ways a park ranger fulfills the awesome responsibility of serving his country.

During the last six summers I have volunteered, written history or interpreted for the National Park Service. This summer I was one of twelve school teachers on staff at the park, and, like my colleagues, I have a tendency to turn Independence Hall into a living history classroom. Class begins in the East Wing building where the visitors are oriented for a thirty-minute tour of the Hall. When I take my place at the front of the room the talking turns into barely audible murmurs.

"Good afternoon. On behalf of the National Park Service, I would like to welcome you to Independence National Historical Park..."

A hushed silence, a few smiles—I have captured their attention but I want something more; I want to capture their imaginations also.

"Today I want one thing to happen for each and every one of you in this room. I want the history of Independence Hall to come to life."

Quizzical looks from some, giggles from others. One young girl spontaneously remarks, "Uh-oh, this guy must be a teacher!" I remind the group that common people, much like any of us, shaped the history that occurred in Independence Hall—thus, the theme of my tour. The goal here is to inspire curiosity without compromising the essential truths of history.

This is the goal for any interpreter—or any good history teacher for that matter—and it has taken me six summers to learn how to reach it effectively. But I have had some good role models. One of them, Richard Dyer, another summer seasonal ranger who teaches high school, began interpreting history at Independence in 1959, the year I was born! He is an expert at shaping the imaginations of his visitors since he began his interpretive career when the park's buildings were being transformed into the historically accurate restorations we know today. Dyer recalls that "in the 1960s the restoration of the buildings went on as you walked the visitors through them." Under those circumstances, the ranger not only had to discuss the "emotional issues of the Revolution and the history of that time period but also what was going on from an architectural and physical standpoint."

Today the park is divided into four interpretive districts, each one employing a staff of 12-20 interpreters. The rangers are expected to master the history of the sites that compose their particular district. Dyer believes these changes improved the quality of interpretation at the park. He claims that he is "always learning new ideas and strategies from his fellow rangers" and that with the greater emphasis on historical research in the park he has "grown in the story that [he] shares with the visitors." Not surprisingly, the younger rangers view Dyer as a "walking encyclopedia" and often turn to him for advice. Perhaps the greatest testimony to his abilities as a "teacher-interpreter" is the fact that two of his former students have followed in his footsteps as park rangers.

My tour group enters Independence Hall through the front door and gathers in the courtroom in the west end of the building. Children crowd the wooden gate that separates the public standing area from the period furnishings. They have been cautioned about the danger of getting their knees caught between the long spindles that hold the gate in place, and yet I can see a half dozen youthful knees pointing at me through that gate as I assume my position on the other side. The home video cameras begin to roll...

"On July 8, 1776, Pennsylvanians no longer believed that the king respected their legal rights. On that day, after a public reading of the Declaration of Independence out on the square, a group of common people calling themselves the 'Associators' stormed into this court room and tore down the king's arms which hung above the judges' bench. They proceeded to carry it out to the commons where they destroyed it. With these actions the colonists had committed treason!"

An elderly man wearing an American Legion cap flinches in disbelief. He finds it hard to view the founding fathers as a group of political dissidents. Nevertheless, I believe it is necessary to give a balanced view of the Revolution, to help visitors understand the British perspective in that conflict. According to that

Curt and Peggie Gaul behind Independence Hall.

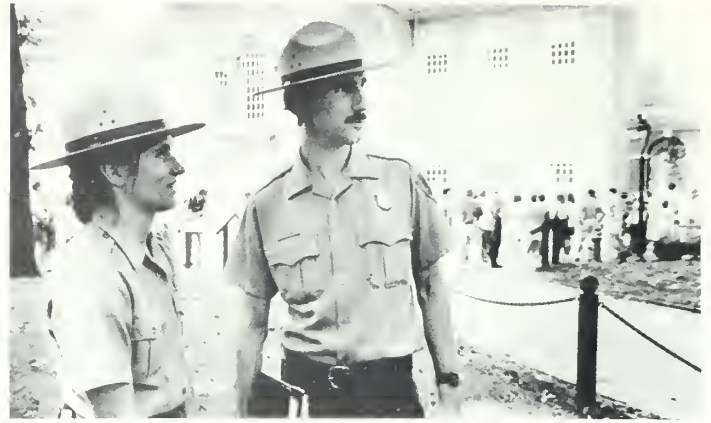
view the colonists were Englishmen who enjoyed a prosperous livelihood and one that was protected under the English Constitution. Their refusal to pay taxes and their destruction of British property hardly qualified them for the status of heroes.

It is time to move across the hall into the Assembly room. As I gather the group together I notice that one of my visitors, a young boy, has managed to get his knee caught in the gate. He is crying, more out of embarrassment than pain. I reassure him that this situation is not an uncommon one and not to panic. I notice that another ranger, John Dubois, is stationed at the front door, controlling the flow of traffic through the building. He is also an expert at freeing children from the gates. Since my immediate responsibility is to continue the tour, I leave the child and his mother in John's capable hands. In a matter of minutes Dubois, with the help of some vaseline and a towel, frees the young boy and they rejoin my group.

Dubois is one of five temporary rangers at Independence Park. A native of Preston, CT, he is on a one-year assignment that may or may not lead to a permanent position. Like many of the permanent rangers who plan on an NPS career, he would like to work in a natural resource park like Yellowstone or Grand Canyon. But for now he must gain as much interpretive experience as he can since visitor services and interpretation, whether in a historical or a natural setting, are essential prerequisites for an NPS career. His path to a temporary position at Independence began during the winter of 1987. When he was a student at the University of Maine, a professor informed him of a need for rangers at Minute Man NHP where he was later offered a seasonal job.

Dubois was working for an environmental agency in Boston when he decided to apply to the Park Service for a full-time position. After going through the seemingly endless paperwork he was hired by Independence NHP. He finds the role of an urban park ranger to be "challenging because of the large groups of people who move continuously in and out of the buildings." To accommodate those numbers, which can average during the summer between 2 to 4,000 daily at a site like Independence Hall, is extremely demanding. But as Dubois points out, "the more experience you have with those numbers of people, whether in a seasonal or a temporary capacity, is valuable in leading to a permanent position within the Park Service."

The Assembly Room of Independence Hall is clearly the most significant historical site in our country. Here in 1776 the Second Continental Congress debated and eventually adopted the resolution on independence from Great Britain. Here, in 1787, the Federal convention debated and eventually adopted our present constitution. With that kind of history, the room interprets itself. This point becomes clear to me every time I take a group into that room. Almost immediately they become silent, transfixed by the elegant simplicity of the room itself. Only the history that occurred here is more striking than the beauty of the ionic woodwork and the cockle shell frieze of the tabernacle frame centered on the east wall.



To interpret this room is a ranger's greatest challenge because the high expectations of the visitor and, indeed, the events which transpired here, make it the most energy-filled room in the entire park. I take my time, manipulating the effectiveness of the "pause" at key points so that visitors can process the significance of those events. I begin my presentation with a brief summary of the constitutional issues that gave force to the Revolutionary movement. The phrases "No taxation without representation" and "virtual versus actual representation" seem to flow much more freely and assume a much greater meaning in this chamber than they do in the confines of my classroom at school. Gradually, I introduce my visitors to Richard Henry Lee, the Virginian who proposed the resolution on independence. Moving behind one of the delegate tables I attempt to take them back to June 7, 1776, by resurrecting Lee's spirit with his words: "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states. That all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved!"

I explain that Lee's resolution, adopted by the Second Continental Congress on July 2, 1776, laid the foundations for Thomas Jefferson's Declaration of Independence. And that Declaration lifted the Colonial struggle from a self-interested argument over economics to a fundamental concern over human rights. Adopted by the Congress of the 4th of July, Jefferson's statement that common people have a right to control their political destiny is memorialized by the words...

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it."

These words mark the high point of my tour. You can actually feel the electricity—a presence of the past—in the room. As I recite those words I look very carefully into the faces of the audience to see their reaction, hoping that I have made some kind of difference in the way they perceive the founders or, more importantly, how they view themselves and their responsibilities as American citizens. The ones I really hope to effect stand nearest

the gate that separates the visitors from me, the children. Most of them are silent, their innocent faces telling me that they really don't understand the impact of everything I've said but that they know it is important. I'll admit that when I look at those children I get a lump in my throat because they represent the future of our country. I can only hope that in their adulthood they will exercise, in a responsible way, the commitments that have been so gracefully articulated here by our founding fathers.

Peggie and Curt Gaul can appreciate these feelings. The couple, in their late twenties, have been among the most devoted and respected rangers at Independence Park. Between the two of them they have gained fifteen years of experience interpreting or writing history, acting as supervisors and coordinating some of the special events at the park. Having met each other at the park in 1984, they were married two years later and established a mutual support system. Working at the same park has its advantages as well as its disadvantages though. Peggie says that the chance "to commute together gives us some time for each other and we also have the same friends" but she admits that "sometimes it feels as if we're too much a part of each other's lives." That can be difficult when your spouse is among the ranks of the interpreters and you are a supervisor. Peggie found herself in that situation for three years. "That was the most difficult thing to handle. Things would happen at work that I couldn't discuss with Curt because of the confidentiality involved and yet I felt that I should be able to discuss certain things with my husband." Still, they were able to work through that problem and can better appreciate their experience at the park because of it.

My "performance" in the Assembly room has ended. We make our way to the second floor of the building where I invite the visitors to take a seat on one of the benches along the walls of the Long Gallery, considered by many interpreters to be the anticlimax of the tour. Some of the visitors might assume as much and this is why I become intent on leaving them with something to remember.

After identifying the various side chambers on the floor, I emphasize the social function of the gallery, explaining how the dancing and the banqueting of the eighteenth century took place here. Pointing to the harpsichord behind me I pose the rhetorical question: "What would the musician play?" And I answer it by sitting down at the keyboard to perform Bach's Minuet in G.

Mark Newton reminds me that we are a nation of immigrants and, as such, we, as interpreters, must try to be sensitive to the needs and interests of the different ethnic groups that tour Independence Park. Because of his ability to speak several different languages, including Swedish, German, French and Hebrew, Newton has an appreciation for cultural diversity that goes unmatched at our park. But there is more to his appreciation



Larry McClenney speaks to visitors at the John Barry statue behind Independence Hall.

of ethnicity than the ability to speak a foreign language. He explains that "on my tours I try to highlight the fact that there were many people in this country who were not English. After all, we have Afro-American visitors, people of Slavic descent, Jews, all types of visitors at the park, and, because of it, I try to address a number of these groups in order to make them feel as if they too are a part of American history."

The 33 year-old Newton, a graduate student at the Reconstructionist Rabbinical College in nearby Wyncote, has been employed by the National Park Service for six summers either at Independence Park or Presidential Park in Washington DC. He

sees many parallels between his role as an interpreter and his rabbinical training. "Naturally both involve public speaking, but the similarities go much further than that" he claims. "Both the interpreter and the rabbi are teachers. The rabbi interprets the Jewish tradition for his congregation providing them with some form of guidance in their religious lives. Similarly, the interpreter at a national park presents what he knows of the history in order to clarify some of the perceptions or misconceptions a visitor brings to the park." Regardless of their particular responsibilities, Newton points out that the rabbi, like the ranger, has "an obligation to admit when he does not know the answer to a question.... He must admit that he is relying on his own interpretation."

Newton's example has served me well this summer. I conclude my tour by admitting to the visitors that I do not pretend to know all of the secrets of the founding fathers in their establishment of our nation but that we can be certain of one thing, namely that the common people who represent the fountain of political authority in our country today are white, black, red and yellow. Regardless of our backgrounds we all enjoy the legacy handed down to us by our forefathers.

What is it like to be a park ranger at Independence? It is a difficult job that can be very stressful at times. Some who try it are inclined to give up too easily. But those who are most successful are blessed with enthusiasm, patience, a love of working with people, and above all, a passionate commitment to history. During the last six summers I have been fortunate to be associated with some of the very best rangers, those whose efforts have helped to preserve the spirit and vision of our nation's founding fathers. I am proud to be part of their effort. John Adams would be proud of them too.

Bill Kashatus has been a summer seasonal ranger at Independence NHP for the last six years. Formerly a teacher in the Philadelphia-area independent school system, Kashatus is working on a doctorate at the University of Pennsylvania.

NPS EMPLOYEE FINDS DREAM CAREER AT CHANNEL ISLANDS

Just beyond the coast of Los Angeles you'll find elephant seals, western gulls, morning glories, and maybe even an island fox. All feel at home in the five islands and surrounding waters that make up Channel Islands National Park and National Marine Sanctuary.

Twenty-eight year old Diane Richardson, first female captain for NPS, also feels at home in this park, especially since she has always loved being close to the water.

As a girl, Diane adored the California coast, but access to the water wasn't easy after her parents moved to inland New York. So when she was ready for college, she chose to return to her native California and attend the University of California, Santa Barbara. In between all those required courses, Diane managed to fit in one course that was really fun — "Basic Scuba Diving." She admits that she took the course simply because "it was something I'd always wanted to do."

About a year after Diane received her scuba diver certification, she took a job working on a local dive boat during the summer between her junior and senior years. When classes began in the fall she kept the job part-time until graduation. She planned on attending Stanford to pursue a career in physical therapy until she discovered that Stanford closed its physical therapy program.

She decided to return to the dive boats "temporarily" since she enjoyed the work. During that time she found she was more interested in working as a deckhand than a galley cook, but opportunities were limited and Diane was repeatedly told, "Girls don't work on deck. They work in the galley."

"It was frustrating to see new male counterparts come along and surpass me," Diane says. "The captains would take them under their wings and tutor them, while few words of wisdom were sent my way."

Several years and many dives later, she took an advanced diving class and received her certification as a divemaster—what Diane describes as a "lifeguard for scuba divers." She then began working as an instructor's assistant for two basic certification classes. Her divemaster certification led to a job offer on a dive boat in the Cayman Islands. By the time she returned she had enough time on board the dive boats to be able to sit for her captain's license.

She got her license and returned to the dive boats and asked for training. After a great deal of resistance, she finally got her way. "I think I really surprised a lot of people and crushed a few male egos," Diane said. She is strong for her five-foot frame, but she is not afraid to admit that pulling anchors and hoisting air tanks requires more technique than brawn.

Feeling discouraged because of her sex, Diane left the privately owned dive boats. She felt she had climbed the career ladder as far as the management would allow her.

She then joined the Park Service as a second captain and a



relief operator. Diane now serves as a full-time boat operator of the 56-foot *Ranger*. "It was very refreshing coming to the National Park Service," she said. "I was discouraged by a lot of people. Here at the Park Service my dream has come true. I am doing exactly what I've always wanted to do."

A typical week for Diane during the summer will include a five-day research mission stretching from Monday through Friday. All crew on the boat—about ten people—will live, eat, and work aboard *Ranger* until it returns at the end of the week.

Before the trip begins, Diane leads an orientation for all passengers. The Friday before the trip is filled with engine and system equipment checks, the loading on of supplies, and a final once-over to make sure everything is in order. Traveling at a speed of only ten knots (about 10 mph), the crew can't afford to turn back, especially if going to the farther islands such as Santa Barbara or Santa Rosa, both of which are about five hours away.

Most of the work being done now includes research in marine biology and archaeology. All research is done by scuba divers. Diane says she occasionally dives and helps out, but her main responsibility is to ensure the safety of all those aboard. After finding the spot that looks best for study, she carefully sets two anchors. Because the divers are attached to the boat with a surface supplied air hose (umbilical), the movement of the boat must not interfere with the divers or the work they are doing.

The busiest months for Diane last from June to November. At other times, her responsibilities vary. She may be kept busy



transporting personnel and equipment to one of the islands, assisting in other types of research, or leading a cruise for politicians or other government personnel.

Although the Park Service's promotion system encourages employees to rotate through different parks, Diane says she has

no plans to leave Channel Islands any time soon. As a two-year veteran of the Park Service, she admits she still has more to learn.

Debbie Dortch is the newest member of the WASO public affairs staff. This is her first article for the Courier.

An Officer Named Kelcy

In October 1988, when Kelcy Stefansson became a motorcycle officer with the U.S. Park Police in Washington, DC, she made history. She is the first woman member of the motor unit, which has been in existence for more than sixty years.

Born in Salt Lake City, UT, in 1956, Kelcy grew up in the suburbs of the nation's capital, wanting to be a veterinarian. She attended college in Seton Hill, PA, and earned her BA in biology. For a time, she worked in the field of animal research, then became a computer operator. Bored with office work, she took the U.S. Park Police Officer examinations. She received her appointment in January 1984, and proudly wears badge no. 183.

During her first four months on the force, Kelcy underwent recruit training at the Federal Law Enforcement Training Center in Brunswick, GA, and, following that, a two-month period of on-the-job training in the Washington area. Since then, she has worked various uniform and plainclothes assignments.

Prior to becoming a motorcycle officer, Kelcy drove a police cruiser along the George Washington Memorial Parkway in Virginia.

Kelcy is quite modest about her accomplishments. She has received numerous commendations for outstanding police work, is an expert shot with a revolver, and has arrested armed criminals.

In 1984, Kelcy learned to ride a 250 Honda and obtained her motorcycle operator's license. After serving the required three years on the force, she applied for the Harley-equipped motorcycle squad. Her rating of "well qualified" was based on evaluation of her past work performance, and the results of a written examination. She was selected to undergo the required training.

The police motorcycle training course is two weeks long and is conducted by force instructors. In addition to normal classroom instruction and negotiating cone courses, extensive training is given in handling the big Harley police machines both on and off the road. Instructors direct the

students through mud as if they were on dirt bikes. And of course, students have to put the Harleys down, then be able to pick them back up. They are taught to rock the machines on the engine guards to get them upright.

Kelcy passed the course and filled one of the thirty-one positions on the motor squad. She rides between 200-500 miles per week, most of it in heavy city traffic. As a motor officer, Kelcy receives hazardous duty pay.

In addition to traffic and patrol duties, motor squad members participate in motorcade escorts for the President and visiting dignitaries. They work closely with the Secret Service and the State Department, as well as the D.C. Metropolitan Police.

Kelcy takes her assigned Harley-Davidson FLHTP home after work. Motor officers are on call for emergencies during off-duty hours. Working the day shift, Kelcy gets up at 4 a.m. and leaves home at 5 to make the 5:45 roll call. When assigned to the evening shift, she doesn't get home until about 11 p.m. During the winter months, sidecars are attached to the motorcycles for riding stability, because motor officers ride every day of the year, regardless of weather.

Cold weather riding gear includes an old fashioned canvas lap robe, which provides some heat from the engine for the lower body.

Kelcy enjoys her assignment so much that she recently passed up an opportunity to compete for promotion to sergeant. Asked about her career goals, she says she's just taking one day at a time. Although one of her three sisters is acting warden at a state prison, she has no other law enforcement officers in her family. She's also the only one who rides a motorcycle. However her husband and the rest of the family support what she's doing.

When Kelcy is off duty, she enjoys music, playing softball and golf, and riding her own motorcycle, of course.

Jack Sands

Note: This article is reprinted with permission from the November/December 1989 issue of Harley Women.



A SENSE OF SOLITUDE

*Friday, August 10, 1990, 6:00 A.M.
Yosemite National Park, Yosemite Valley
Lower River Campground,
Administration Campsite G*

Tent poles clanked and clinkety-clinked. My eyes popped open and I puzzled at all the commotion outside my canvas home. Next I heard the voice of campground host Tom Bennett alerting each campsite that the area was being evacuated. He informed all to be ready to leave in one half hour, then distributed an instruction sheet explaining when to leave and why not to leave before the indicated time.

People began moving quickly and quietly, without grumbling, helping each other: "Here, let me squish down that air mattress for you." Some shook hands, said "farewell." An air of graceful acceptance set the mood of the morning.

Again campground host Bennett circled the grounds, this time on bicycle. He busily answered questions and checked to see if campers were packing. One mother asked if the money would be refunded. The answer was yes—there would be the choice of coming back at a later date or a monetary refund.

Luckily NPS volunteers were not ordered to leave at this time. I sat and watched as the pickups, the RVs, the trailers, the cars loaded down with children's bicycles quietly and softly left Yosemite Valley.

There were no horns honking, no yelling, no speeding, no brakes squealing, no gridlock—just slowly, persistently, the vehicles rolled along the exit road.

By 8 a.m. I decided to go to the Ahwahnee Hotel and pick up some coffee and a news update. Milkweed, thistles and grasses glistened with dew in the morning sun as I ambled across the Ahwahnee meadow. A healthy looking bushy-tailed coyote sauntered by. We nodded at each other and continued on our separate way.

Closer to the hotel a handsome muledeer buck breakfasted on tasty young bush buds. His four-point antlers, still in velvet, softly glimmered in the early shafts of light.

Circling around on another path so as not to disturb him, I discovered an open door into the great lounge. There was not a person to be seen. Stacks of neatly folded blankets and sheets

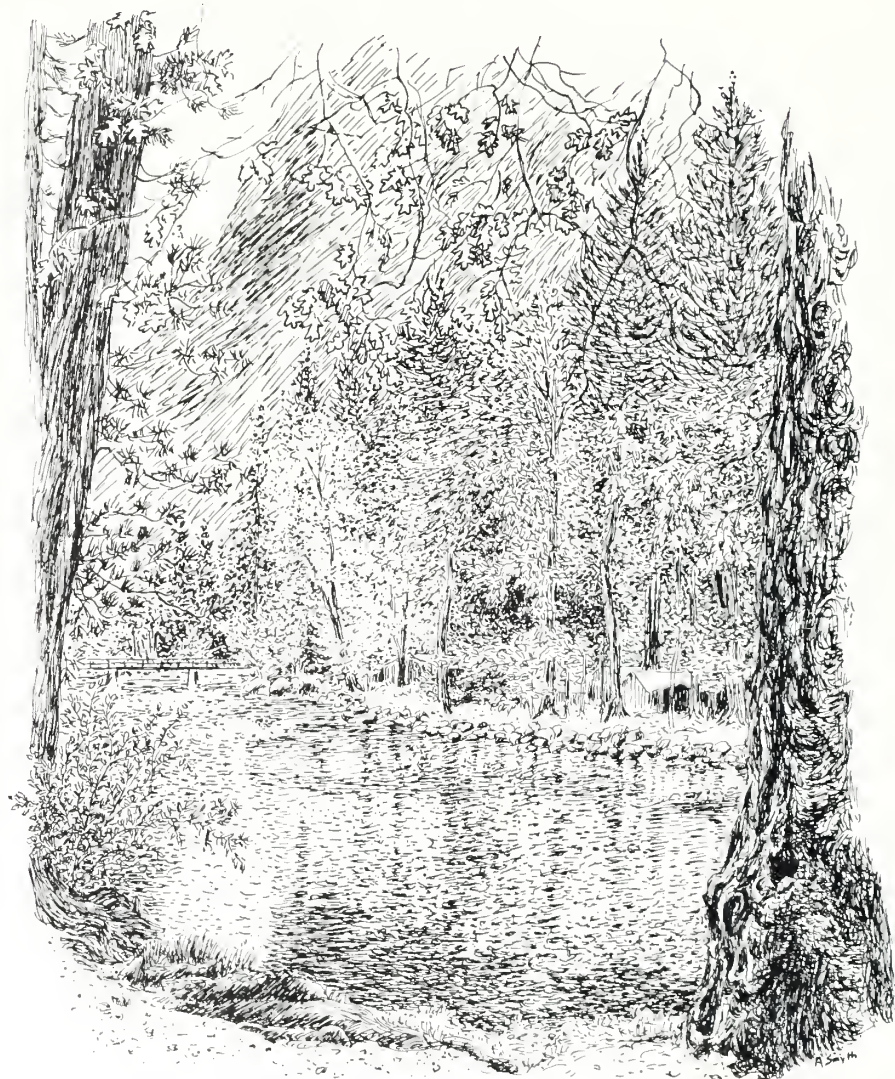


Illustration by Ann Smyth

gave evidence of the 4,000 stranded day-use visitors who had slept in lobbies, lounges, and on floors throughout the valley—evidence also of the care and thoughtfulness exhibited by the Yosemite Park and Curry Company and the National Park Service.

The great dining hall looked inviting. Each table was set with gleaming glasses, dishes and fresh linens. But again, there were no people.

I proceeded to the women's rest room on the mezzanine floor. It was completely empty—no lines. I had my choice of any stall I wanted. The emptiness was so exhilarating I began picking up the dirty paper towels, wiping the sink counters, lining up the

misplaced tissue boxes, tucking the green vanity benches in place. It crossed my mind to stand all the commode seats at attention like Andy Griffith in *No Time For Sergeants*. But that would have been going too far.

Back downstairs and continuing along the main hallway towards the front desk I was approached by a person for the first time. The concierge appeared, a worried look on her face. "Are you a guest at the hotel? You were supposed to leave a long time ago."

When she understood that I was an NPS volunteer she went on to explain that, yes, all Yosemite Valley facilities were being evacuated—first the Ahwahnee, then Yosemite Lodge, followed by Curry Village and the campgrounds.

Outside again I strolled along the flagstone terrace to the syncopated beat of the automatic lawn sprinklers. The only other individuals in sight were two busboys, one tidying up the terrace tables and the other placing blankets in big laundry baskets.

The sunbeams filtered through the oak, dogwood, maple and pine greenery. All was soft and quiet and muffled. The coyote and buck had moseyed on to other interests while back at the road the vehicles rolled on and on, respectfully...relentlessly.

By 10 a.m. the campgrounds were vacant; the road passing by was empty. The shafts of light played gently through the tall douglas fir and incense cedar. Ground squirrels scurried up and down and around, curiously inspecting all the open ground and nooks and crannies. Screeching steller jays provided the only sound as they darted and hopped about. They all seemed to be questioning the situation. "Hey, where did everyone go? Where's the food?"

Whoever conceived the evacuation plan did a masterful job. One example of clear thinking was the ban on alcohol. No liquor was available at the stores and restaurants after Thursday afternoon. Full credit goes to the National Park Service, the Yosemite Park and Curry Co., the fire crews and certainly the visitors. Each person had a part in the drama. They did it willingly, efficiently, and with loving care.

Now the special feeling of the place began to make itself felt—this healing land, this temple, this extraordinary spot in John Muir's Range of Light. I sat on a log by the river and listened to the "music of the Merced," as Muir called it. Across the water the housekeeping units were empty. The foot bridge spanned the rapids in solitude. Again, the only sound was the squawking steller jays.

Surely this was a sight few people have experienced—Yosemite Valley, quiet and grand. As I sat by the musical Merced, indeed, the water, the tall trees, the granite began to work their magic. Their message permeated the air. It occurred to me that they probably spoke to us all the time, that on some level every visitor instinctively feels the words. It's just that so often they are drowned out by our noise.

Noon approached—the air became thick with diffused smoke. Neither Half Dome nor El Capitan were visible. Fellow volunteers and I discussed leaving. The air quality deteriorated, and we remembered the gusty winds of the previous afternoon. Thunder and lightening storms were predicted again. Our little group came to a consensus. Better to pack up and get out while

the fire crews held the flames away from Highway 140. The fewer personnel to deal with, the easier the firefighters could carry on the real work.

The next step was to empty my big blue tent—as fast as possible—so that Ben Mosley, a fellow volunteer, could store it in his tent top cabin. Frantically we stuffed articles in car trunks, back seats, front seats, under seats, between seats. A light dusting of ash began to settle on the bags and boxes.

The San Francisco KGO-TV news team materialized unexpectedly. Their assignment was to cover the evacuation. The "big blue" was the only tent standing in the vacant campground. Sure enough, we were packing. We were selected to be interviewed. Bits of the scene were scheduled for the 5, 6 and 11 o'clock news.

So it was that our exodus began at 12:30. Our little caravan consisted of three overladen cars—Ben, then Pat Mosley (curator of LeConte Memorial Lodge), then me.

We were the only autos on the road. It felt as though we were the last to leave the valley. No cars or people were anywhere along the way. Once I spotted a clutch of yellow-suited fire fighters standing on a path. They just looked at us with big white eyes set in haggard blackened faces.

The smoke thickened as we neared El Portal. Everything was shades of grey—the air, the sky, the steep canyon walls. Puffs of white smoke spiraled skyward intermittently. It felt like we were driving into the fire. I wondered if Ben had taken the right road, but there was no one to stop and ask.

The ranger at the entrance station was a welcome sight as he stood in the middle of the road. He heard our story and rolled his arm tiredly forward. "Just keep on drivin'."

El Portal was silent and grey. A quick glimpse of a patch of green lawn and the blue of a motel pool punctuated the monotone landscape. We drove on, just three little cars rolling along the river road. Each of us had a jug of water and wet handkerchiefs to hold to our nose from time to time.

The haze started to lift as we turned and left the river at Bear Creek. We climbed up and on to Mariposa. The sun was shining; the people mingling. We decided to push on home to Concord and Martinez. Sure, the lure of a clean shower, clean sheets, clean air was enticing. But hey...what we really wanted was to see ourselves on the evening news!

Barbara Phillips has worked as a seasonal NPS ranger and volunteer since 1981. Her work has taken her to John Muir NHS, Golden Gate NRA (Marin Headlands) and Haleakala NP. She volunteered this summer for the Happy Isles Nature Center Children's Program in Yosemite Valley.

NEW DIRECTIONS

Have you ever wished you were a fly on the wall? Sometimes you can almost predict how a conversation will go—or at least you hope you can.

Kitty: Here we are a family of four that's been stuck on the interstate.

Bart: Yes, and now we're on a beautiful roadway, but we have no idea where we are. We need to find help! You look for signs; we'll take the next exit and try to figure out where we are.

Brad: I need to go to the bathroom.

Mary: Me, too, and I'm hungry.

Kitty: Oh look, there's a sign that says "Visitor Information" next right!

Bart: Great! Let's take it.

You've just read part of a conversation exchanged along the George Washington Memorial Parkway as we prepared to unveil directional signs for the new visitor's center.

Caught up in the spirit of the moment Superintendent Kitty Roberts, Chief Ranger Bart Truesdell, and Seasonal Ranger Brad Saum enacted a scene we hope will be repeated frequently. No, not that people are lost, but that, when they are, a ranger will be able to assist them.

Long a dream and now a reality, the George Washington Memorial Parkway opened its first visitor's center on July 20. Although humble in scope (a simple trailer), the new facility will work to serve the needs of the more than four million people who visit the parkway annually.

Eight years ago, Bart Truesdell came to the parkway as its chief ranger. He noticed how many people stopped by parkway headquarters looking for assistance. But the maintenance yard



Superintendent Kitty Roberts (l) and Chief Ranger Bart Truesdell unveil an important change to park signboards.

and administrative offices were situated at the headquarters site, thus making it a less than ideal visitor service area. Soon after Truesdell's arrival he wrote out a 10-238, requesting funding for a parkway visitor center.

Although the funding did not materialize, the idea was not forgotten. Newly appointed Superintendent Kitty Roberts blew the dust off the proposal, committed operating funds to rent a trailer and construct signs, and approved the location of the visitor center.

The visitor center opened in 1990, appropriate to the parkway's 60th anniversary as part of the national park system. Built as a commemorative roadway, it begins at Mount Vernon and follows Virginia's Potomac River shoreline for 25 miles; there is also a short seven-mile segment across the river in Maryland, known as the Clara Barton Parkway.

More than a road, the parkway was established to protect the Potomac River shoreline and watershed from pollution and commercial development. During the past 60 years, it has grown to include a variety of natural, cultural, and recreational areas.

The park administers two historic houses—Arlington House, the Robert E. Lee memorial; and Clara Barton NHS—plus two Presidential memorials—Theodore Roosevelt Island and Lyndon Baines Johnson Memorial Grove. Great Falls Park, a scenic 800-acre area, protects the spectacular falls of the Potomac River and the remains of the Patowmack Canal, a 19th-century engineering feat conceived and proposed by George Washington. Glen Echo Park, a cultural arts park, also is managed by the parkway.

Tidal marshes, the Iwo Jima Memorial, hiking and biking trails—these are just a sampling of the areas visitors enjoy while travelling on the George Washington Memorial Parkway. So, as you can see, the rangers at our new visitor center will have plenty of directions to give and places to interpret.



A typical day for those travelling the George Washington Memorial Parkway.

Mary Mallen is the parkway's interpretive specialist. She was the fourth occupant of the car whose conversation was recorded by that proverbial fly on the wall.

PARK BRIEFS

The 50th anniversary of Manassas NBP

was a time to reflect on the preservation and protection of sites linked to the Manassas and Bull Run battles. One of the commemorative activities was a writing contest for which there were 301 entries. Students visiting the battlefield addressed the topic, "what the battlefield means to me."

The difficult job of culling the entries for the first, second, and third place prize winners went to Ranger Keith Snyder, Superintendent Ken Apschikat and Prince William County teacher Carolyn Swain. After much deliberation, they selected Jill Kerr of Haycock Elementary School in Falls Church, VA, as the first place winner. An award ceremony was held on June 8 at the school where Keith Snyder presented Jill with a personalized historical plaque produced by Color-Ad Inc., contest sponsors. What follows are Jill's impressions of the battle—what it means to her.

"Many young Americans died at Manassas fighting for what they believed in. In 1861 and 1862, Manassas was the site of two major Civil War battles. Both times the Confederates walked away with the victory.

Visiting the Manassas battlefield brought me back to the

1860s, and made the war between the North and South come alive. It made me realize that this war was not fought by soldiers on some far away battlefield, but by Americans who were cousins, uncles, fathers, sons, brothers, and friends, fighting in people's fields and backyards. The stories about Mrs. Henry and the McLeans emphasized how the Civil War was everyone's battle. Mrs. Henry was an old woman, confined to her bed, who was killed by a stray bullet. The McLeans were a Manassas family who had a cannon ball fall in their soup. In Virginia, the Civil War was part of everyday life.

Seeing all the weapons and cannons at Manassas made me aware of the terrible harm people do to one another to get their own way. The memorials and statues dedicated to all the soldiers and officers who died during the battles made me feel both sadness and admiration. I felt sad because of the pain and suffering these men went through, and admiration because they risked their lives to make life better for everyone else.

Manassas played an important role in the history of this country. Today it reminds visitors of the pain, sorrows and confusion of war, and makes them think about what they value."



South Rim District patrol rangers at Grand

Canyon NP have established a bicycle patrol program to respond to emergencies. Bicycle mounted rangers, unrestricted by vehicle traffic, can be the first emergency service personnel to arrive at the scene of an accident,

law enforcement incident, or other calls for assistance. This relatively new mode of patrol has been well received. It has the added advantage of being environmentally safe.

Specialized Bicycles of Morgan Hill, CA, a leading manufacturer of all-terrain bicycles,

became interested in the park's bicycle patrol program, and donated three all-terrain mountain bikes, four helmets, and other equipment. Superintendent John H. Davis and Ranger Steve Stockdale accepted the bikes from John Strnad of Cosmic Cycle, a local dealer.

Who says historic sites can't interpret

biodiversity? For the annual Grant-Kohrs Ranch NHS July birthday celebration, the interpretive and curatorial divisions developed just that—a display on the variety of life.

The project was three-fold. First, Supervisory Ranger Neysa Dickey and Curator Randi Sue Bry rearranged items in display cabinets in the ranchhouse

basement to include artifacts made from plant or animal material. Simple labels added basic information about the items and their once-living source. Next, a notebook of excerpts from Johnny Grant's memoirs and Conrad Kohrs' autobiography highlighted historic uses of living things. Finally, visitors received a site bulletin covering human influences on area biodiversity: the near extinction of bison after opening the

range to cattle grazing, and the introduction of exotic plant species such as sainfoin (forage) or spotted knapweed (considered noxious).

Of the approximately 1,400 people who visited the site that weekend, almost 800 enjoyed the display.

So be encouraged! Now who'd like to tackle global warming?

Joe Abbrescia is the second guest artist to work with Glacier National Park Associates, the first being Montana artist Mark Ogle, who began the relationship between Glacier NP and the arts last year with the loan of his oil painting, "Heaven's Peak."

Now Abbrescia, who is considered one of America's most accomplished contemporary impressionist painters, has done the same with his painting, "Spring's Mountain Kingdom," which depicts Swiftcurrent Lake shrouded in a spring snowstorm.

A recent event brought "more power people to town at one time than they've had since Lyndon Johnson had his cabinet here," noted Congressman J. J. Pickle. The event was a press conference in which Congressman Pickle announced the transfer of the former LBJ Memorial Hospital and related property to the National Park Service. "I hate waste, and that's been happening with the LBJ Hospital," said Mrs. Johnson of the hospital that her husband, Lyndon Johnson, funded before leaving the presidential office in 1969. NPS Associate Director Jerry Rogers accepted the transfer document. Representatives of the General Services Administration and the Department of Housing and Urban Development participated in the transfer announcement.

LBJ NHP Superintendent Melody Webb stated that plans are being made to renovate and develop the building and grounds into a new visitor center. When completed, the building will provide an exhibit area, an auditorium, and a sales area for interpreting the Texas Hill Country and its influence on Lyndon Johnson. The park headquarters, library and curatorial storage will also be relocated to this building. Congressman Pickle has already proposed an amendment to the FY 91 budget to fund the conversion. In her comments at the title transfer ceremony, Mrs. Johnson stated, "With a salute to the past, we are looking to the future."

Reba C. Robards

What is 630 feet tall, 630 feet wide, weighs 43,000 tons, and is celebrating its 25th anniversary? Why, it's the Gateway Arch, of course, the dominant feature of the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial in St. Louis, MO.

The memorial, dedicated to Thomas Jefferson's dream of the United States' westward expansion and to the courageous explorers and settlers who made the dream a reality, is considered America's "Gateway to the West." In 1935 the old St. Louis riverfront was selected to commemorate 19th-century westward expansion. An area of some 40 blocks was purchased and all buildings were cleared. Then in 1947 nationwide competition resulted in the selection of a design for the memorial, created by the late architect Eero Saarinen.

Hundreds of St. Louis citizens who watched with awe as the giant arch began to take shape must have wondered if the two legs would ever meet at the top.



The first stainless steel section was set in place February 1963, the last on October 28, 1965.

The Arch takes the shape of an inverted catenary curve, the form created by a heavy chain hanging freely between two supports. Reinforced concrete foundations go 60 feet into the ground and extend 30 feet into bedrock, contributing substantially to the Arch's structural strength—it can withstand winds of 150 miles-per-hour, exhibiting only 18

inches of sway when hit at such velocity.

The park also includes an underground visitor center that houses the Museum of Westward Expansion. A movie about the construction of the Arch is presented in the theater. Plans now are underway for a second theater with a large-screen format. The memorial also is developing plans to display an Indian peace medal exhibit.

Denise Stuhr

Celebrating twenty years of operation, Sleeping Bear Dunes NL, in cooperation with Eastern National Park & Monument Association, issued a commemorative cachet in the

form of tan envelopes printed with a sketch of the South Manitou Lighthouse by local artist Louise Bass. Bearing proper postage and the special cancellation, the envelopes were sealed in plastic sleeves

containing a sheet of information on the history of the park's authorization October 21, 1970. The July date was chosen because twenty years before the bill to authorize the lakeshore was introduced into Congress.

Since 1976, the museum exhibits in Indiana Dunes NL's Kemil Road Visitor Center have been telling the park's resource story. Last year, Superintendent Dale B. Engquist decided it was time for a change. He challenged his interpretive staff to produce new exhibits: "See if you can come up with something fascinating and educational. Let's try a new approach." With oversight by Public Programs Manager Warren Snyder, Visitor Center Supervisor Bob Daum has produced an array of fascinating exhibits that neatly fill the bill. Highly visual, tactile and

interactive, the new exhibits have caught the fancy of visitors, especially young ones. Wrote one mother in an appreciative letter to the superintendent, "...The hands-on experience for the youngsters meant that I heard, 'But I'm not ready to go yet.' In fact, after several days of searching for a picture of a lizard for a school project, the etching and poem of the six-lined racerunner provided just what was needed."

Highlight of the recently-installed exhibits is a thirty-one foot long acrylic mural of dune succession and wetland scenes. Narrative panels and wooden carvings of several animals

depicted in the mural are set below the paintings, while plexiglass cutouts of species eradicated from the dunes form a ghostly mobile above. In the center of the room a table-sized plaster model of a sand dune provides a stage for explaining to interested visitors and school groups the dynamics of dune formation and maintenance. On all four sides of the model, dune animals are sketched in relief. Supplies of paper and crayons are kept handy, providing visitors the chance to make crayon rubbings of a Fowler's toad, a heron or even a tiger beetle.

Jack Arnold

NEWS



Sonia DaCosta recently joined the National Capital Region team as the new Hispanic Employment Program Manager. Prior to accepting the assignment, DaCosta completed an equal employment opportunity (EEO) internship with the Department of the Army at Ft. Bliss, TX. There she received training in all aspects of the equal opportunity program. When permanently placed in an equal opportunity specialist position, she assumed the EEO complaints and the Hispanic Employment Program as her primary responsibilities.

NCR looks forward to benefitting from DaCosta's experience as she works to enhance the region's Hispanic Employment program.

Mid-Atlantic RD James W. Coleman, Jr., has named Marilyn H. Paris as the new superintendent of Fort Necessity NB. Paris comes from the superintendency of Horseshoe Bend NMP where she has served since 1987. She replaces William Fink, who became superintendent of Isle Royale NP in April. During the interim, Laurie Coughlan, Gettysburg NMP's assistant chief of interpretation & visitor services, has served as acting superintendent.

Paris began her career as a seasonal ranger at Kings Mountain NMP in 1975, and has worked at Lincoln Home NHS and Chickamauga-Chattanooga NMP, among other areas.

Linda Toms has joined the staff of Denali NP as the new assistant superintendent. She transferred from the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal NHP, after 22 years of NPS experience in park operations, administration, and management. Prior to her transfer, she received the coveted Justice William O. Douglas Award. Established to recognize exceptional service as a memorial to Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas who led the fight to protect and preserve the canal, the award has been given only five times in its fifteen-year history.

Martin Luther King Jr. NHS ranger interpreter Altha G. Wilson was married August 18 to Calvin B. Trowell of Augusta, GA.

AWARDS

Canyonlands NP biologist Jayne Belnap recently won the annual \$500 Jerry Rumburg Memorial Award, established by the Canyonlands Natural History Association in memory of the former Canyonlands chief interpreter killed in a 1987 automobile accident.

Belnap, a leader in the study of microbiotic soil crusts, was recognized for her work in an area of major importance to the Service as the NPS evaluates external threats to parks. The organisms comprising microbiotic soil crusts are exceptionally sensitive to environmental changes and, as a result, become key indicators of a park's health.

Jayne recently spent six months pursuing a PhD on the effects of air pollution and acid deposition on microbiotic crusts. The summer 1990 issue of *Park Science* presents her detailed description of the role of microbiotic crusts in the ecosystem.

Many years ago, on parade days, Lorraine Mintzmyer would put on her flashy red and black uniform and strut down Highway 6 in Adair, IA, proudly blowing on a baritone horn as she marched with her high school band.

Recently she was in another parade on Highway 6, but this time she didn't march. She rode in the back of a convertible, and waved to the crowd as grand marshal of the 35th annual Jesse James Chuck Wagon Days celebration. And her photograph, five columns wide, adorned the top of page one in *The Adair News*. During the celebration, Mintzmyer was honored for her contributions in the field of

parks and recreation. "It was something special to be honored in my place of birth for work in a field that has been so rewarding," she said.

Not everything in Adair is the same. Her high school has moved and consolidated with Casey, and the colors are no longer red and black. But the trip over the parade route brought back memories. It took her past the home she lived in from age four. "There were two children watching the parade from the yard, and I asked if they lived there," Lorraine said. "They said they did, and I told them that I grew up in that house. They seemed surprised."

Ben Moffett

Zenophon (Zenny) Speronis' many years of volunteer service to Lowell NHP were recognized in July as NA RD Gerald Patten named him the region's first Volunteer of the Year. Speronis' efforts in Lowell's behalf began even before the NPS became part of the city in 1978. As General Chairman of the Lowell Regatta Festival Committee, Speronis has organized ethnic festivals, celebrity events, parades, concerts, and civic events throughout the years. His efforts were among those that led to the establishment of the national historical park.

As a management volunteer, Speronis responded to a call for help from the park in 1986 when the tour barge operator decided not to operate his boats just three weeks before the park's summer season. Working to create an agreement with the park and the Regatta Committee, Speronis set up a boat program that continues in operation today.

Since 1983, Speronis has spent some 2,100



volunteer hours on park events. He officially logs 300 hours each year, but spends many more promoting the park and its programs to every segment of the local community.

Karen Sweeney-Justice

The Student Conservation Association (SCA) has been selected to receive the Secretary of the Interior's Take Pride in America award. This is the third time in recent weeks that SCA has been honored for organizing a volunteer effort to help restore Yellowstone NP following the 1988 wildfires.

Ozark NSR rangers **Dave Ratliff** and **Rick Drummond** recently returned from a DARE instructors' course with two of the four awards presented for excellence. The rangers will work with four school systems during the 1990-91 year, spending one semester with each school. "The commitment and interest shown by these two rangers is exceptional," said Superintendent Art Sullivan.

Former Arches NP Superintendent **Paul D. Guraedy** received the Department of the Interior's Superior Service Award. Southeast Utah Group Superintendent Harvey Wickware presented it at a gathering of employees and friends before Guraedy departed for his new position as the superintendent of Lincoln Boyhood NMem. Wickware cited Guraedy's contributions in the field of park management and public service.

On June 25, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith presented their first annual William Howard Taft Americanism Awards in Cincinnati, OH. **William Howard Taft NHS** staff assisted the League with historical research and photographs used during the program. The keynote speech was delivered by author and newsman Edwin Newman. The theme of the event was the public service and civic commitment of William Howard Taft, the only person to serve as U.S. president and chief justice.

Bob Moore

Valley Forge NHP employee **David C. Forney** received an award from the Society of the Descendants of Washington's Army at Valley Forge. The Society's Award of Merit recognized Forney's work with the Society to plan special events and activities promoting the history of the Valley Forge encampment. Present-



(Left to right) David C. Forney, Betty Brown Miller, Warren D. Beach and Maj. Gen. James W. Wurman

ing the award was Society President Betty Brown Miller. In attendance were Valley Forge NHP Superintendent Warren D. Beach and Major General James W. Wurman, Commanding General at the U.S. Army Training Center, Fort Dix.

On June 6, at the White House, the American Institute of Architects (AIA) presented a donation of \$250,000 toward the architectural documentation of the historic Executive Residence (*photo below*.) Using this generous contribution, the Service's **Historic American Buildings Survey** will document the architectural features of the structure, using measured drawings and photography. The work is expected to be completed by October 13, 1992.

the 200th anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone. The NPS, White House, AIA and White House Historical Association are cooperating on a book concerning White House architecture, written by Dr. William Seale, author of *The President's House*, and illustrated with graphics produced through the documentation project.

The **Big Cypress NPre** restoration crew received a unit award from the Secretary of the Interior at the beginning of the year, in recognition of extraordinary initiative displayed in reclaiming the Turner River. Their work represents the first restoration of a Florida river system, and involved coordination and cooperation with non-federal agencies. Long identified



as part of Florida's "Save Our Everglades Program," the effort originally was estimated at \$1 million, but was brought in by the crew at a federal cost of under \$250,000. Rather than waiting for traditional funding, Big Cypress staff obtained surplus earthmoving equipment, generated interest and cooperation from the county government, and sought and obtained funds from fines received for wetlands violations. From 1986 to 1989, the restoration crew installed and restored 23 culverts and 21 plugs in the 28 miles of canals; 800,000 cubic yards of fill was returned to the canal bed thanks to state wetland fine funds. These actions restored 18,000 acres of wetlands.

German visitors to Mesa Verde NP have been pleasantly surprised this summer by the friendly greetings they receive "auf Deutsch" from park VIP Lorie Mancini, Mesa Verde's employee of the month for June.

"You should see their faces light up when Lorie starts explaining everything to them in German," says one of Lorie's co-workers, Ranger Lorraine Yusten. "It really makes them feel welcome."

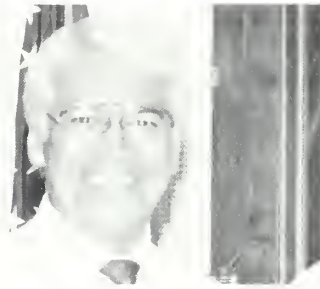
Superintendent Robert C. Heyder echoes these sentiments. "Lorie has donated her time selflessly and cheerfully to park visitors...the German visitors have found her to be most helpful and courteous, and her willingness to help the park rangers is limitless."

Lorie, a native of Frankfurt, Germany, immigrated to the United States in 1954. She learned English "the hard way." She explains, "Everything was really different then. I had no idea of what to expect here."

These days Lorie and Henry, her husband of 23 years, are self-proclaimed "snowbirds." They left their home in Littleton, CO, last August, and spent most of the winter as VIPs at Organ Pipe Cactus NM. There, the Mancinis worked on the road and trails crews, helping maintain hundreds of miles of park roadways and assisting with trash pickup. "It was a killer but we loved it," Lorie says. "...You don't mind hard work when you can see that it helps."

Carolyn Landes

Chief Personnel Officer Mario R. Fraire received the Department of the Interior's Meritorious Service Award at ceremonies in August. He was recognized for successfully instituting new programs and initiatives that have strengthened grade structure and increased pay for lower-graded employees. His work also has led to an innovative workforce analysis and forecasting program. Fraire was cited for providing professional consultation and per-



sonnel program direction that has contributed to the successful operation of the National Park Service.

The 21st Legislature of the Territory of Guam recently presented former War in the Pacific NHP Chief Ranger James E. Miculka with a resolution commending him for his contributions to the enhancement of Guam's environment. Miculka served as the park's chief ranger for ten years. He was the first person to work in that position and served as part of the original staff. During his tenure, he developed the first interpretive programs to be presented in the Western Pacific, an underwater research team made up of park staff and VIPs, and a resource management program.

"On behalf of the Take Pride in America campaign, I am pleased to inform you that you have been selected as a national semi-finalists in the 1989 Take Pride in America national awards program." The letter to Michael E. Baker, trails coordinator at Santa Monica Mountains NRA, commended him for his out-

standing work promoting wise use of the nation's public resources. The certificate of merit expressed appreciation for this efforts.

Jean Bray

RETIREMENTS

Yosemite Animal Packer Foreman Walt Castle will be retiring at the end of 1990 after more than 30 years with the National Park Service. Photographer Brian Grogan has captured him and the other members of the Yosemite NP pack team during the annual Mule Days celebration. Featured on the front row (*photo above, l to r*) are Gilberto Guerreco, Steve Ybarra, Abe Soubia, Leonard Domingues, and David Dye; standing on the back row (*l to r*) are Dennis Dozier, Billy Fouts, Walt Castle, Johanna Gehers, Kermit Radoor, and Danny Kims.

Gary L. Hume, deputy division chief for WASO's Preservation Assistance Division, left federal service in September to accept the presidency of Neal Auction House in New Orleans, LA. The new position reflects Hume's sustained personal interest in fine art and antique furniture.

Hume has served as deputy division chief since 1980, where, in addition to the daily operation of the division, he has provided technical assistance to various national historic landmark sites and historic districts such as Natchez Bluff, Maggie Walker NHS, Waterford Historic District, and Drayton Hall. He came to the Service from the Texas Historical

Commission in 1974. In 1976, he and W. Brown Morton III coauthored the Secretary of the Interior's Standards for Historic Preservation Projects.

Hume has always believed historic preservation activities at the local level are among the most exciting challenges, and he looks forward to active involvement as a private citizen in New Orleans.

DEATHS

Fifi B. Cornell, 62, died June 20 at her home in Evergreen, CO. She worked ten years as an NPS architect in the Eastern Office of Design and Construction, prior to the birth of her first son in 1965. She and her husband, Douglas Cornell Jr., moved to Evergreen in 1974. Survivors include her husband, a son and daughter, her mother, and two sisters.

Francis Xavier Carr, 84, a former Washington Office employee, died on October 26, 1989. He is survived by his wife, Rosemary Dougherty Carr (3920 Colgate Ave., Dallas, TX 75225), and three sons. A memorial donation in Carr's memory may be sent to the Education Trust Fund, E&AA, P.O. Box 1490, Falls Church, VA 22041. The following excerpts came from the eulogy written by his son, Patrick.

"Frank was kind, gentle, and friendly. All through his life he made friends where ever he went....It was while he was with the National Park Service that he met his loving, future wife, Rosemary, who would ultimately bless him with three boys. Frank was always able to make time for his family, teaching and demonstrating things as his sons became able to understand. Being always supportive and loving, he instilled in his family his kind and trusting nature....He lived a full and bountiful life....When his time came, he entrusted his soul to Jesus and passed on peacefully."

E&AA Life member Cecil J. Doty died July 7 in Walnut Creek, CA. An outstanding architect whose Park Service career covered more than 34 years, he started with the NPS in Oklahoma City, and was involved with the Service during the CCC days. Doty carried out assignments that took him to the Southwest and Western Regional offices, the Western Office of Design and Construction, and WASO.

His most noted design was the Regional Office Building in Santa Fe, NM, now a national

historical landmark, which celebrated its golden anniversary on July 1, 1989. Cecil was invited to be the honored guest but could not attend because of ill health.

Among his other design projects were the amphitheater and dormitory building at Mt. Rushmore; the visitor center at Hurricane Ridge in Olympic NP; and visitor centers at Grand Canyon, Zion, Bryce, Everglades, and Death Valley. In addition to his noted architectural design talents, he was also a distinguished artist, excelling in oil painting and pencil renderings.

Over the years he made outstanding contributions to the Park Service and eventually received the Distinguished Service Award on April 6, 1966.

Cecil is survived by his wife, Bernice (2129 Parmigan Drive, Unit 3, Walnut Creek, CA 94595).

Denver Service Center employee Henry Lew passed away July 22. Messages of sympathy may be sent to his wife, Judy, and family at 517 South Flower, Lakewood, CO 80226. Donations in his memory may be sent to the American Liver Association, 998 Pompton Avenue, Cedar Grove, NJ 07009.

Margaret Chandler, who works in NCR's Public Affairs Office, lost her son, Michael Robinson, 20. A local Golden Gloves Champion, Michael had a promising career ahead of him before the fatal shooting August 6. He leaves a daughter, Diamond, age 2. Expressions of sympathy can be sent to the family at 3839 64th Avenue, Apt. #102, Landover Hills, MD 20784.

Helen Olson, wife of Virgil Olson, requested that the following information be run to fill out and correct her husband's obituary, which first appeared in the June Courier.

Virgil J. Olson, 63, died on April 30 from a long-standing heart condition. He had farmed in Minnesota for a number of years, during which time he married Helen Minehart. They farmed together several years; then, during a vacation in Rocky Mountain NP, they discussed how they could live in the area, enjoy its beauty and become custodians of nature.

Although Virgil never went to high school, he graduated from Colorado State University in 1964. While in college he spent his summers as a ranger naturalist in Rocky Mountain NP.

His first career assignment came at Bryce Canyon NP where he started as a ranger, moved up to ranger/naturalist, and finally to chief naturalist. All of his other assignments at Capitol Reef NP, Big Horn Canyon NRA and Death Valley NM were as chief naturalist.

Olson was known for his ability to take ailing programs and build them into healthy, active ones. He was complimented at Harper's Ferry for his writing ability. While at Capitol Reef NP, he and Helen wrote *The Story Behind the Scenery, Capitol Reef*. They had just rewritten captions for an updated edition.

Virgil retired in 1986 and moved to his beloved Colorado Mountains where he first started his love affair with nature and the national parks.

Helen can be reached at daughter Martha's home (2085 Carnelian Lane, Eagan, MN 55122). She remarked that for her and for Virgil "the National Park Service was our life and our mission."

William G. (Bill) Carnes, 83, died on July 29, after a long bout with cancer. Carnes was born in LaPlata, MO, in 1907. He received his BS in landscape architecture from the University of California. His NPS career began with a temporary appointment at Sequoia NP as a surveyor. In 1936 he entered on duty in the Washington Office as assistant chief of design and construction, serving as an assistant to Tom Vint.

In 1955 Carnes was assigned by then director Conrad L. Wirth to head a seven-man task force to develop the Mission 66 project. He served as deputy assistant director from 1959 to 1962, retiring in August of that year to head the Department of Landscape Architecture at the University of Illinois.

Carnes' teaching played a leading role in the number of awards won by his students. Among the awards were the ASLA award for student work and a plaque for the most significant professional work of the year. In presenting the Landscape Architecture Foundation's Alfred B. LaGasse Medal to Bill in 1985, President Courtland P. Paul said "Bill's pioneer efforts in the field of National Park landscape design and its application to the natural resources have been inspirational to us all."

Carnes also received the Department of the Interior's Meritorious Service Award and Distinguished Service Award.

Bill is survived by his wife, Vera (621 Los Diamantes, Green Valley, AZ 85614), his daughter, Karen, and a grandson. Those making a memorial donation in his memory may send it to the Education Trust Fund, E&AA, P.O. Box 1490, Falls Church, VA 22041.

BUSINESS NEWS

Thanks to a gift from Frederick L. Rath, Jr., and Marian Albright Schenck, reprints of Horace Albright's final article, "My Trips with Harold Ickes: Reminiscences of a Preservation Pioneer," published in the Spring 1990 issue of *Washington History*, have been made available to E&AA. According to the forward penned by Mr. Rath, the pamphlet-length article contains "new information about how a series of Washington-based trips taken by Albright with Secretary of Interior Harold Ickes promoted the cause of historic preservation in the Park Service."

Handsomely bound copies of the article are available to E&AA members at \$10 each. Copies also are available as a benefit of Life membership (remittal of \$100) or of elevation to the next level of special membership (\$100 remittal).

There's nothing like having the right calendar to set the tone for the new year. Tearing away the wrapping and flipping through the first pictures carries with it all the excitement and promise of the months ahead. This year let Keith Hoofnagle's rangeroons calendar

help you celebrate the 75th anniversary of the National Park Service. Full of interesting tidbits, from the designation dates of parks to the years in service of NPS directors, the calendar colorfully depicts the shy little guys that for years have "reminded us of things we would rather forget," as Bob Barbee observes. The calendar is available to *Courier* readers for \$8.95 per calendar (postage and handling included). Send requests to E&AA, P.O. Box 1490, Falls Church, VA 22041.

The Employees Association of Wupatki and Sunset Crater NMs generously donated a check for \$86.73 to the Education Trust Fund as the association's quarterly contribution.

E&AA's Education Trust Fund once again is a winner. The Denver Service Center and the Rocky Mountain Region held a silent auction that resulted in a donation to the fund of \$1,727. The money arrived just in time for the fall round of school loans and was very welcome.

E&AA thanks everyone at the service center and the regional office who contributed so

generously to the success of the event, most especially to Howard Haiges, Len Hooper, and Jo Ann Smith who organized the event.

Santa Monica Mountains NRA Superintendent David E. Gackenbach recently announced the park area's second celebration of the annual Frank F. Kowski Memorial Golf Tournament, held October 15. The tournament fee of \$45 includes lunch, riding carts, and green fees, with \$5 of each fee going to E&AA's Education Trust Fund. Players and non-players alike are encouraged to attend. There will be plaques for the winners and a raffle with prizes ranging from a suite for two at the Westlake Hyatt Plaza to a variety of gift certificates. Tournament coordinators Jean Bray and Bruce Powell have brought in \$2,500 in sponsor donations. The tournament will be a big event, and Santa Monica Mountains NRA coordinators hope to see a lot of participants there. For more information contact Jean Bray at 30401 Agoura Road, Suite 100, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

MEMBER NEWS

Why were national parks created? Somewhere in musty legal documents it says they were created for the benefit and enjoyment of the people of the United States.

A beautiful dream exists that they were created to maintain forever, nature in its wild-est, most primitive state, without stroke or strait.

The government has spent millions of dollars to make them available to visitors, who were assured that everything would be done for their benefit and enjoyment. To this end roads and trails have been constructed, buildings erected and many other things done, including commercializing of everything in sight.

Which plan shall be maintained?

William Gladstone Steel (1932)

If this question bothered the "Granddaddy" of Crater Lake NP (established May 1902) in 1932, is it any wonder the question is still asked today?

What would Will Steel say on the eve of the National Park Service's diamond anniversary?

The national park system has grown in numbers and tremendous acreage. Billions of dollars have been spent to make the parks available to visitors. Hundreds of millions of visitors have enjoyed the "crown jewels." But



what about the future?

Are we going to build more roads and trails, buildings, campgrounds, and parking areas for more cars?

On the threshold of the diamond anniversary are the politicians and planners going to insist on more facilities, so more millions can be assured that everything will be done for their benefit and enjoyment?

George W. Fry

A private ceremony was held in mid-August that celebrated the life of Horace Albright through the dedication in his memory of a remote backcountry waterfall in Yellowstone NP. The newly dedicated Albright Falls is located on an unnamed stream flowing into Bechler Canyon and the Bechler River from the southwest. A sign was placed at the site to commemorate the dedication. Those who attended the ceremony included Albright's daughter and granddaughter, Marian Schenck and Susan Isaacson, and Albright's nephew, Stan Albright.

L. Boyd Finch (1734 South Regina Cleri, Tucson, AZ 85710, ret'd 1981 as SERO associate RD) and his wife, Polly, are third-generation Arizonans and University of Arizona grads. Thus it made perfect sense that they would retire to that part of the country. Since then Boyd has finished his first book, A Southwestern Land Scam: The 1859 Report of The Mowry City Association, published by Friends of the University of Arizona Library. He says it "tells the story behind what has been described as 'the rarest of all books relating to Arizona.'" The book is available for sale from the University of Arizona Main Library Office, Tucson, AZ 85721. Boyd says all he receives from publication of the book is "the glory."

David and Mollie O'Kane report that his county design and construction crews are busy with road projects in Friday Harbor, WA. The couple still are madly photographing everything in sight and even winning a few firsts with the San Juan Island Camera Club.

William L. (Bill) Fetherstone celebrated his 75th birthday on Aug 1st 6 at their summer

home in Grand Lake, CO. Ida, his wife of 49 years, and their two sons had a hard time deciding what to get Bill for this important birthday celebration. When they decided on E&AA Life membership, a certificate was prepared immediately and mailed out in time to reach Bill on his big day.

Curtis Hooper O'Sullivan has been appointed to a three-year term on the Napa City/County Library Commission by the town of Yountville. He also was re-elected to a two-year term as president of the Veterans Home Historians, with extra duty as Executive Director of the Veterans Home Museum. In spite of his schedule, he still finds time to see his "youngsters" and the occasional old friend visiting the Valley.

Donald Dayton (ret'd SWR deputy RD 1988) has been elected president of the Eldorado Community Improvement Association, the governing body of the subdivision where John Clay lives. Clay (ret'd sup't, Southern Arizona Group 1987) says this makes Dayton the mayor.

Volunteer Events Chairman Luis Gastellum reported that the Southwest Golfing Geriatrics group enjoyed another successful reunion with 80 alumni, employees and friends, who participated in three days of golfing and social activities. The principle event was held on April 3 when golfers competed for the travelling trophy awarded for the past 14 years to the man and woman alumni golfer with the lowest scores under the Calloway system. This year the trophy went to Ed Donnelly and Barbara Rumburg. Southwest Golfing Geriatrics generously donated \$325 to the Education Trust Fund. Eighteen of those present also plan to attend the E&AA Biennial Reunion September 10-14 at Glacier and Waterton Lakes NPs.

The June/July issue of *Modern Maturity* contained a series of profiles titled "Everyday Heroes," featuring men and women who represent "the vast diversity and great commitment of America's volunteers." Retired NPS ranger, Anthony Stark was one of those profiled. Here is the way in which the magazine

described his activities.

"During his 30 years as a park ranger, Anthony (Tony) Stark developed a skill for drafting regulations and getting them through to Washington. He used his talent again after his retirement, when he sat on the East Tennessee Coalition on Advocacy's subcommittee on nursing-home reform. Stark soon got involved in drafting legislation for the state on these critical issues; in the process, he became chairman of the new Tennessee Coalition for Nursing Home Reform. (He is also chairman of the AARP State Legislative Committee.) The first major piece of legislation took effect in 1987. As a nursing-home ombudsman in East Tennessee, Stark notes the needs still to be addressed. And though challenges remain, says the activist, 'It's nice knowing we're gradually getting things done.'"

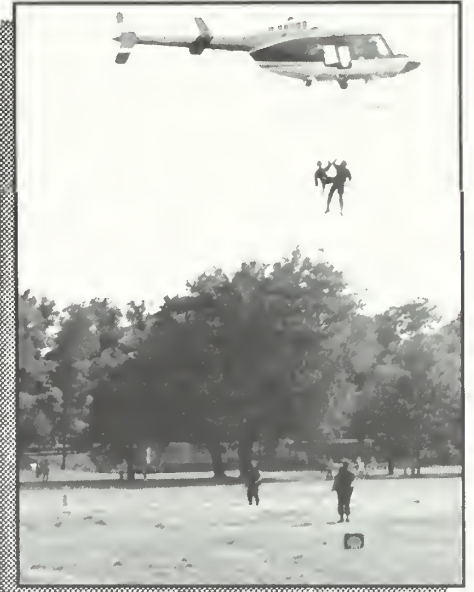
Connie Williams enjoyed a trip down the East Coast of Florida and back up the West Coast. She visited St. Augustine where she chatted with Kay Thomas, also retired. Kay keeps busy with volunteer work at a St. Augustine hospital. Connie reports that she is enjoying her Kitty Hawk retirement and is now learning to shoot pool.

Bill and Margorie Proper have relocated to Woodland Home, 1301 Virginia Ave., Harrisonburg, VA 22801. Bill retired in 1968 as a personnel specialists in WASO.

FOUNDERS DAY – 1990



More than 200 Washington area NPS employees, alumni and their families spent Saturday afternoon together on August 25 at Fort Hunt Park, located along the George Washington Memorial Parkway. They gathered with a common objective—to celebrate the 74th anniversary of the National Park Service with each other—not simply the way they spend time together during the work week, but less formally, minus the stress, laughing, playing around, remembering the organization they work for and what they contribute to it. There were speeches—but not too many. There was food—a lot of that. There were children—because every good picnic has to have children. And there was one heart-stopping moment when the U.S. Park Police demonstrated helicopter rappelling and all those previously mentioned children stood around, eyes popping and bodies awesomely still, as the massive machine, so many times larger than they, whirled to life and took off from the picnic grounds. All in all, the afternoon offered opportunities for a grand old time, when problems at home and problems abroad meant less for the moment than the time the hot dogs would be served and whether or not there would be enough icy cold popsicles to go around. This photo spread tells a part of the 1990 Founders Day Celebration story.





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